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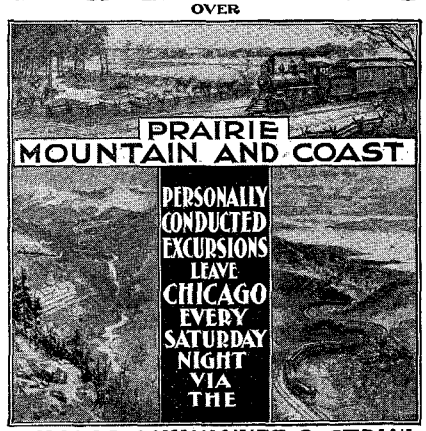

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The Outlook

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THE official reply of the British Government to the monetary proposals of the United States and France is unofficially, but probably with substantial accuracy, foreshadowed in the daily press. The Government declines to reopen the Indian mints to silver, or, indeed, to make any concessions to bimetallism, unless a polite consent to continue the negotiations, if desired, may be regarded as such a concession. According to the reports, the experts of the Indian Government, instead of recommending the reopening of the Indian mints, advised against it. If this is true, their counsel will be almost as great a surprise to the gold monometallists as to the bimetallists. The negotiations with Great Britain having been conducted jointly on behalf of France and the United States, it will be necessary for the United States Commissioners to return to France and take counsel with them before determining on any final course of action. It appears, however, to be clear that bimetallism has nothing whatever to hope from the present English Government, and reasonably clear that it has nothing to hope from Great Britain at all, unless, as the result of a popular election turning wholly or chiefly upon financial issues, a Government pledged to bimetallism should be elected; at the present writing this appears as improbable in Great Britain as, say three years ago, would have appeared the organization of a party in the United States pledged to free silver coinage. Only on the ground that it is the unexpected which happens can anything but sturdy opposition to bimetallism be expected from Great Britain, at least for the present. What action France or Germany may take, or whether either or both will be willing to take any action without the co-operation of Great Britain, we shall not venture to prophesy.

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The probable effect of this action of Great Britain on parties in the United States it does not seem to us difficult to forecast. Those parties are, so far as financial questions are concerned, three: one in favor of free silver coinage; one in favor of gold monometallism; and one in favor of bimetallism, provided it can be secured by international action. The definite conclusion that it cannot be secured by international action will have the effect gradually to divide this third party into two sections, or perhaps we should say three: one will gravitate toward free silver coinage, in the belief that the evils of that policy, though they may be more acute and more immediate, will be less lasting and less radical than the evils of a world-wide gold monometallism. The second section will gravitate toward gold monometallism, on the ground that it is the less of two evils, and therefore to be chosen, or on the ground, intimated in the "Tribune," that the evils of gold monometallism will bear more heavily on England than on the United States, and that our best policy is, therefore, to wait for her to learn the lesson which events will teach. Probably, however, the largest proportion of international bimetallists, including those who have never given much study to the problem, will be inclined to let financial affairs drift until, and unless, some new commercial disasters make the financial problem again an immediate and an urgent one. The immediate result will probably be to strengthen the cause, if not the party, of gold monometallism; and it ought to be added that the discoveries of gold in South Africa and in the Klondike region will tend to lessen the evils which, in our judgment, gold monometallism, as a world-policy, inflicts on the great majority in every community. But if new commercial difficulties shall compel the people again to confront the currency question, the sincere and earnest though ineffective effort of the present Administration to bring about international agreement among all the commercial nations will take that solution of the problem out of the

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category of those open for discussion. The next time the issue is raised, if it ever is raised again, it will probably be between free silver coinage and gold monometallism.

❀

For the past month London has been full of rumors of impending resignations in the Ministry. It has been said that, owing to Lady Salisbury's illness, Lord Salisbury has been anxious to rid himself of the great responsibilities which he is now bearing. These reports have been denied by Lord Salisbury, but there is a strong feeling that the responsibilities of the Premiership and the Foreign Secretaryship are too heavy to be borne by one man, and that Lord Salisbury ought to choose between the two. If he makes such a choice, he will undoubtedly give up the Foreign Secretaryship. There would be, however, very great difficulty in filling that position, and this difficulty has probably kept him in a place from which he would have been glad to withdraw. If Lord Salisbury were to retire, the Duke of Devonshire or Mr. Balfour would succeed him, but the accession of either to the Premiership would involve momentous changes in the feeling and constitution of the Conservative party. The Duke of Devonshire, although a man of conservative temper, has steadily opposed the merging of the Liberal-Unionist party into the Tory organization. Mr. Balfour has committed himself so unreservedly to bimetallism that he has given great offense to the enormous monetary interests which center in London, and which constitute no small part of Lord Salisbury's most powerful backing. The Conservatives are in power very largely because of the apparently hopeless division among the Liberals; but if Lord Salisbury were to retire, it looks as if the attempt to harmonize the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and the various groups and interests for which they stand would be equally difficult.

❀

The new Liberal Ministry in Spain has hit upon a programme which evidently aims to keep in touch with Spanish pride and feeling, and at the same time to ameliorate the conditions of war in Cuba, and to offer genuine autonomy to the Cubans. General Blanco will soon arrive in Cuba; autonomy has been distinctly promised; the Spanish Government has announced that it will strain every resource to bring the war to a speedy conclusion. On the strength of these statements it evidently looks for moral support in Europe, and, if reports are to be trusted, it goes a step further, and—with a view not only of creating public sympathy in Europe, but of giving expression to the passionate feeling in Spain—declares that the insurrection could not have been carried on so long had it not been for the aid of filibustering expeditions from this country. It intimates that the American Government will be called upon in the future to fulfill more strictly the rules and duties of international law, because "the success of the new Home Rule policy and the speedy pacification of Cuba chiefly depend upon the conduct of the United States." The position is adroitly taken, and is perhaps the only position which a Spanish Ministry could hold with any chance of keeping in power. It makes a material concession, and at the same time covers the concession by a note of warning to this country. That some aid has gone from this country to Cuba is beyond question. The ease of approach to Cuba made that sort of aid from a great population like our own inevitable. No Government could have absolutely prevented it. But the extent of that aid has been enormously exaggerated, and exaggerated very largely by our sensational newspapers—a source to which very many of the evils from which we suffer can be distinctly traced. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity and the success of the Government in its endeavor to maintain the neutrality laws—an endeavor which has involved the expenditure of very large sums of money, and incessant vigilance on the part of Government officials. There have been an immense number of Cuban expeditions set afloat by the sensational press which have had no existence outside the minds of ingenious reporters and imaginative editors. It is fortunate that the Senate is not in session, and that the Government and the country at large can coolly consider the situation, give the Liberal Ministry time to develop its policy, and aid that Ministry to judiciously withdraw from a struggle in which it plainly cannot succeed. If our diplomatists at Washington are sagacious, they will recognize the difficulties in which any Spanish Ministry finds itself in dealing with the Cuban question, and will co-operate with the present Ministry in the endeavor to settle the problem without destroying itself.

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King Alexander of Servia may well pray to be delivered from his father. The ex-King Milan enjoys the evil eminence of being the most profligate royal spendthrift in Europe. In these days royal personages, as a rule, are laborious and conscientious public servants, who may have wrong ideas about the source and extent of their authority, but who work as few men of the time work for what they regard as the public welfare. This must be said even of the Emperor William. The ex-King Milan, on the other hand, has constantly repudiated all claims of public service for years, has spent several fortunes at the gaming-table, and when he was in Belgrade made his palace the scene of debauches which almost equaled those of the Rome of the Decadence. When he was forced to resign the throne of Servia in favor of his son, his debts amounted to ten millions of francs. His wife, Queen Natalie, had previously left him. He was paid a large sum of money for his abdication, and he proceeded promptly to lose this sum at gaming resorts in Paris, Nice, and elsewhere. Profligacy was not his worst fault; in Paris he was expelled from a club for cheating at cards; then he turned blackmailer, and extracted money from his son on the threat of returning to Servia. In fact, it is said that for some time past he has lived upon money extracted from different people under a variety of threats. Lately he inherited a large fortune, and now he seems to have changed his plan of life, for he has returned to Servia for the first time since his abdication in 1889, and as a result of his return the Cabinet has promptly resigned. If reports are to be believed, the son is not much better than the father.

❀

The recent speech of Mr. Oscar S. Straus, our former Minister to Turkey, and a man of great ability and keenness of observation, calls attention again to the crying need of reform in our consular service. That service has been from the beginning of our history a kind of haphazard, go-as-you-please affair. Our consuls have often been men of ability and adaptation for the places they have held, but they have far oftener been men conspicuously lacking in any fitness for the discharge of their delicate duties. The New York "Tribune," which cannot be suspected of amateurishness in politics, well says that heretofore the consular service has been conducted on the theory that it was "to provide each incoming President with a convenient fund of Federal appointments with which to satisfy his personal and political debts;" and Americans who have had the opportunity of observing the service in various parts of the world have frequently had good cause for deep humiliation. The country has been grossly misrepresented by the character, the manners, and the lack of intelligence and capacity of its consuls. The service ought during the present winter to be put on an American basis; a basis, that is, of business-like order and organization. Appointments ought not to be made except after the application of some test of fitness; once made, the appointment ought to continue so long as the work is well done; there ought to be a regular system of promotion which should supply incentives for efficiency, and the different consuls ought to receive compensation on a carefully prepared and rational basis. Such reforms as these do not lie in the direction of creating what Congressmen who are opposed to Civil Service Reform have sometimes called an "official class." They are simply the methods which every good business man and every efficient executive introduces and enforces in private enterprises, and the Government cannot afford to be behind its own citizens in intelligent management of its affairs.

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The outbreak of yellow fever in the South emphasizes the need for sanitary improvements in that section, especially in New Orleans. This city of 250,000 inhabitants, in a hot, humid climate, with a large class of ignorant and poorly housed people, and a soil saturated with water, is absolutely without a sewerage system. Liquid wastes from the houses find their way through yards to large open gutters on each side of the street. In 1892 the city granted a franchise to a sewerage company, which subsequently let a contract for laying many miles of sewers. The contractor found construction difficult, and abandoned the job. Subsequently the company went into the hands of a receiver. The city now declares that the franchise is void, and is seeking to have it annulled. Meanwhile the city is without sewers. The city is also seeking to annul a twenty-year contract for garbage disposal, made in 1893. The contractor installed a system of garbage collection and a plant for extracting the grease from the garbage and converting the

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residue into fertilizing material. Friction arose between him and the citizens over the removal of garbage mixed with other refuse matter, the contractor alleging that his contract specifically released him from removing mixed garbage. Both sides persistently stood out, and when hot weather came on this year the situation became intolerable. The city then established a service of its own, dumping the garbage into the river. The contractor sought in the courts to prevent such diversion of his revenues, but, pending a final decision, the court has allowed the city to continue its service until cool weather.

❀

The water supply was introduced in New Orleans by a private company in 1833. In 1868 the city bought the works, only to sell them again after ten years. A very small part of the population uses the water furnished by the company. This is to some extent due to the character of the population, and the fact that water can be secured from cisterns, owing to the heavy rainfall. It is, however, largely due to the poor quality of the water, which comes from the muddy Mississippi, in practically its pristine muddiness. Many people who have had river water introduced do not use it. The company contracted for a filter plant not long ago, but so bad was the water during the test that the water company refused to accept the plant, and was sustained by the court. Consequently muddy water continues, and thousands of citizens prefer to depend on cisterns rather than to avail themselves of the greatest of modern conveniences. It does not follow, of course, that if New Orleans had from the start retained control of its sanitary facilities it would be in a better condition to-day, but it is certain that its present situation does not illustrate the evils of municipal ownership. City officials who cannot be intrusted with the construction and operation of public works are always liable to make mistakes, or worse, when they grant franchises allowing private companies to perform these services. Where these mistakes are realized by the public, reforms are infinitely more difficult than where the works have been kept in the public hands.

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After all, the thirty-year lease of the Philadelphia gas-works may be withheld. When the proposition was first made—assuring a reduction of ten cents per 1,000 feet in price of gas and an increase of over $1,000,000 a year to the taxpayers—it seemed likely to be adopted by acclamation. The leaders of the people, so far as quoted in the press, seemed to be unanimous in its favor, and the City Council was notorious for even greater friendliness to private corporations than even the wealthiest of citizens engaged in any competitive business. The great wealth and influence of the United Gas Improvement Company—which already manufactures some of the gas sold by the city—seemed certain to secure the acceptance of its terms without modification. The unexpected thing which happened (a thing impossible when the public does not own the distributing mains) was the appearance of four competing gas companies offering to take the lease on better terms than the United Gas Improvement Company had offered. This caused a halt in the negotiations, and forced citizens to consider the immense advantage the city possessed in holding the works in its own hands. The Municipal League, representing those who believe in fighting corruption out of the municipal administration, instead of accepting it as inevitable, drew up an effective protest against the alienation of the gas-works, as well as against the continued toleration of the spoils system, which made their present management so unsatisfactory. We learn from "City and State," Mr. Herbert Welsh's able and public-spirited, as opposed to class-spirited, paper, that at the last public session of the Council's joint Committee on Finance and Gas the trend of the speeches was generally in favor of retaining the control of the works. At this session of the Committee Mr. Charles Richardson put most effectively the truth that the fight with administrative corruption was not to be avoided by awarding the lease. Among other things he said:

> In this connection it is pertinent to remember that the wealth and patronage of such corporations, the employment they can give and the favors they can grant, can be so used as to obtain for their managers an influence in local politics which may enable them to deal unfairly and disregard their obligations to the city in many ways. If the powers of this kind already possessed by these gentlemen should be increased by the control of the gas-works, they could become an almost irresistible factor in our local government, and could to a very large extent determine who should be the officials of Philadelphia, and who should occupy the seats you now hold; and we all know that the power to bestow offices is prac-

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tically equivalent to the power to control the occupants of such offices.

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But it is doubtful if the combined protests of the Citizens' League and of Mr. Richardson had as great an influence upon public sentiment as a little pamphlet written by Mr. Finley Acker, the grocer. Mr. Acker's pamphlet should be secured by all persons interested in the gas question—or, indeed, in good reading. It is the most artistic bit of work of this kind that has come to our attention in many years. The title of the pamphlet is "Eminent Respectability," and its moral purpose is to make the citizens of Philadelphia examine the lease from the standpoint of the interests of the middle and poorer classes, instead of blindly accepting the leadership of their prominent business men. Toward these men Mr. Acker is always respectful, but he puts, in a way that would be humorous if it were not so serious, the exact terms of the various leases so as to show their relative advantage to the city. The examination ends in this way:

It will be noticed that one proposition is to do all that the United Gas Improvement Company proposes, and to give the city one million dollars additional. Another would carry out the same proposition and pay during the thirty years $19,200,000 additional. Another . . . another . . . and finally another proposition is to charge the city at once but seventy-five cents per thousand.

The remarkable scene, for which I defy history to furnish a parallel, is that of some of the most distinguished business men of Philadelphia, claiming to be actuated by only public-spirited motives, and solicitous only for the welfare of the city and its citizens, deliberately recommending in public, not the best of the above propositions; not the second best; not even the third or the fourth or the fifth, but recommending the adoption *of the most objectionable and least profitable proposition of them all!*

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The apology offered by these business men for recommending to the city a course "which they never followed in their own private business" is the "eminent respectability" of the Philadelphia citizens composing the United Gas Improvement Company. Mr. Acker admits their respectability and recognizes the disagreeableness of opposing plans favored by influential business associates. But the financial standing of the United Gas Improvement Company is no better than that of the Bay State Company of Boston, which offers better terms by $19,000,000; and, furthermore, the lease submitted by the United Gas Improvement Company expressly provides that it may be sublet to the Equitable Illuminating Gas-Light Company, whose authorized capital is only $1,000, whose president is unknown, and whose incorporators and directors have been discovered to be residents of Harrisburg. The business men who advocated the acceptance of this lease, says Mr. Acker, had evidently not read the lease, but simply trusted the leadership of others with whom they were in sympathy. In view of the fact that during the last thirty years the price of gas has been reduced from $3 per thousand to $1, in view of the fact that the cost of making gas (not including expenses of distribution) has already been reduced to nineteen cents per 1,000 in the public works in Glasgow, and to about twenty-one or twenty-two cents in well-conducted private works in this country, and in view of the fact that the sale of gas at more than its normal cost is an unjust tax upon consumers, Mr. Acker concludes his pamphlet with a plea for ten-year leases, to be drawn up by city officials, and to be granted to the company guaranteeing to supply the citizens at the lowest rates.

❀

George M. Pullman, who died suddenly at his home in Chicago last week, was unquestionably one of the greatest organizers of industry of this generation. Like nearly all business men of the first rank, he inherited no business position whatever. His boyhood was spent in a small village in western New York, and he entered business life at the age of fourteen as clerk in a country store. Three years later (1848) he became a cabinet-maker, and what start he had for future distinction came from his work in this trade. He early attracted the attention of one Benjamin Field, who had the right to run Woodruff sleepers over two Western roads, and thus Mr. Pullman became interested in sleeping-cars when they were run only at night and consisted of three tiers of bunks close together and without any bedding worth mentioning. He did not, however, enter the sleeping-car business until about the time of the war, and the first considerable sum of money he made was in the very different work of raising business buildings in Chicago so as to make possible a system of sewers under them. It was about the close of the war that he developed his idea of sleeping-cars that could be run both day and night. Some of the difficulties in his way have been described by John A. Sleicher as follows:

He found the mattresses could not be put on the floor because of the dust and discomfort.

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There was no place between the windows, and he finally said to his car-builder, "Why not hinge an upper berth near the roof and put the mattresses in it when the berth is closed during the daytime?" The car-builder replied at once that the car was not high enough and that the space would be too small. This was before cars were built with raised "decks" or roofs. "Then," said Mr. Pullman, "why not raise the car?" The outcome of this conversation was a direction that plans should be drawn for a car as wide and as high as would be necessary to get in two berths, including one hinged to the upper side of the car. The plan was accurately drawn for a car one foot wider and 2½ feet higher than any car that had heretofore been built in this country.

Railroad men who heard his plans are said to have scouted them as absurd, but it was not very long before all railroads had accommodated the height of their platforms to that of the Pullman cars, and had widened or heightened the bridges too narrow or low for these cars to pass through. Mr. Pullman subsequently adopted and adapted the idea of vestibule trains.

❀

Outside of his sleeping-car business Mr. Pullman's greatest achievement was the construction of the town of Pullman, which was a great success from every material standpoint, and from those of health and beauty as well. Its government, however, was but little more democratic than that of a modern industrial corporation, and when, during the depression which set in in 1893, rents were kept up in order to maintain dividends, while the work and the wages of employees were reduced, the administration which had been widely praised for its philanthropy was condemned for its inhumanity. The great railway strike of 1894 was due to the passionate sympathy of the members of the American Railway Union with the workers at Pullman. The report subsequently published by the United States Commissioners added to the popular disapproval of the management of the town. There is every reason, however, to believe that originally it was a philanthropic impulse which led to the establishment of the town. Mr. Pullman's estate is popularly reckoned at upwards of a score of millions. A widow and four children share in this vast inheritance.

❀

Justin Winsor, the Librarian of Harvard University, who died in Cambridge on Friday of last week, at the age of sixty-seven, was not only a past master in the science of library work, but a scholar of unusual attainments and of broad culture. He was a classmate of President Eliot at Harvard, studied for many years in Germany, and had been Librarian of Harvard for over twenty years; before the beginning of that term he had for some time held the office of Librarian of the Boston Public Library. His services to the world of scholarship and letters were everywhere recognized as positive and lasting. Mr. Winsor had published several historical works of value, and had written much on the subject of bibliography. How much he did to aid the work of other specialists and general students cannot be told, but beyond question what he did in this way was the better and larger part of his life's work. A friend writing of him has well said: "He was not one of those literary moles who drive their researches far under the ground of history, but never come to the surface. Nor did he stir up dust simply to make a cloud. On the contrary, he brought up to the surface many things that had heretofore been obscure, and set forth the results of his researches so clearly, so luminously, that the light he kindled projected far into other passages of inquiry."

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Rear-Admiral John L. Worden, who died at the age of eighty in Washington on Wednesday of last week, will be remembered in the annals of American naval history not only as an intrepid sailor and officer, but as the hero of the first combat between modern ironclads. From the day (March 9, 1862) when the Monitor under Worden's command disabled and put to flight the Merrimac, naval architecture has become a new science, and the possibilities of naval warfare have totally changed. The famous fight in Hampton Roads, that Sunday morning thirty-five years ago, was beyond doubt the most thrilling single incident of the great war. The little Monitor designed by Ericsson, and called by its ridiculers "a floating coffin" and "a cheese-box on a raft," came in precise time to save the Minnesota, to prevent the destruction of other vessels and naval stores at Hampton Roads, and to make it evident that our Southern coast was not, as had been feared after the Merrimac's destructive deeds, at the mercy of the enemy. Lieutenant Worden fought his ship with the utmost courage and audacity, ranging up beside the heavy guns of the Merrimac and receiving her fire point-

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blank. He was looking from the slit in the iron pilot-house when a shell burst close to his eyes, blinding and disabling him and leaving him so injured that to the day of his death he was never free from pain when awake, although he was able to remain in active service for some years, and even, when in command of the ironclad Montauk, destroyed the famous blockade-runner Nashville. A less well-known fact about Admiral Worden is that he was the first Federal prisoner taken by the Confederates, having been seized by General Bragg at Pensacola after he had transmitted important orders from Washington to the war-ships at that port.

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As we understand the facts respecting the Princeton Inn discussion, they are as follows: The Inn is a well-conducted hotel of the highest class, having an excellent reputation. It has no bar, but it has a coffee-room, and it sells beer to upper-classmen only. It does not sell liquors to students, if it does to any one. New Jersey is not a prohibition State, nor Princeton a prohibition town, and there are, as might be expected, a considerable number of disreputable saloons in the city which college students may frequent if they choose, and doubtless a small proportion of them do frequent. The Princeton Inn, under the laws of the State, must have a license if it desires to sell wine and beer, and to secure this license it must have the signatures of some reputable citizens certifying to its reputable character. One or more of the professors of Princeton College signed this certificate. This is the action which has aroused the excitement in several of the Presbyteries, as well as in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the State. The New Jersey Synod has decided that it has no jurisdiction in the matter as regards the professor who has signed this certificate. It may have been a mistake for any professor of Princeton College to attach his signature to such a document —a mistake because respect is due to the consciences and the opinions of the great number in the Presbyterian Church who regard all licensing of the sale of liquor as an offense against good morals; but it is even a greater mistake to treat such action as ground for ecclesiastical discipline. The question whether any licensing of any inn under any circumstances is right or not is a question to be left to the individual conscience. It is distinctly better to allow college professors full liberty to exercise their own judgment upon such a question, even if the result is the licensing of a reputable inn with the apparent moral approbation of some members of the faculty, than it is to prevent such licensure by refusing to college professors the right to exercise their own independent judgment upon such moral questions. That Professor Shields, who was one of the signers of the certificate, takes this view is evidenced by the announcement that he intends to withdraw from the Presbyterian Church in a constitutional manner with the least possible delay.

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Judging from the newspapers, the controversy which has been for some time going on in the Roman Catholic University at Washington has ended in a decided victory for the American or liberal wing. Omitting some matters of detail, which may be more or less in the nature of gossip, Bishop Keane's retirement a year or more ago was chiefly brought about through the influence of Monsignor Joseph Schroeder, the Professor of Dogmatic Theology, and a representative of the Ultramontane or distinctively Roman party in the Church. For some time investigations into the character of Monsignor Schroeder have been carried on, based upon definite charges of visiting and drinking in the public saloons of the city. In spite, it is said, of counsels purporting to come from Rome, these investigations were pressed, with the final result that Monsignor Schroeder, while denying the personal charges, has agreed to resign within the scholastic year. The significance of the result to most Americans lies, not in the mere fact that this professor has thus been compelled to leave the University, but in the far more important fact that the authorities of the University have done a disagreeable duty in spite of high ecclesiastical influences exerted to prevent their doing so. The victory is not personal, it is not theological; it is distinctly a victory for the American hierarchy within the Catholic Church.

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The hundredth anniversary of the launching of the frigate Constitution, celebrated at Boston October 21, fitly commemorated the organization of the United States navy

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in 1797. The three frigates which formed the nucleus of the first naval force created after the adoption of the Federal Constitution were all launched that year—the United States at Philadelphia in May, the Constellation at Baltimore in September, and the Constitution at Boston in October. Threatening troubles with France obliged President Adams, as soon as he had taken office, to convene Congress in extra session to put the country in a state of defense. It was then that these three frigates, already partly constructed in anticipation of trouble with the Algerine pirates, were ordered to be completed and manned at once. They have all been victors in many a sea fight, and Old Ironsides, as the Constitution has long been fondly called, is dear to the National heart. The frigate United States, after a final term of service in the Mexican war, ceased to exist, but her name ought to descend to the best ship of our modern navy. The Constellation is still in service as a training-ship. Projects for repairing and immortalizing the Constitution are in the air. The cost of each of these redoubtable frigates was but $300,000, or barely one-tenth of the cost of our modern battleships.

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To the long list of railway disasters must be added that of Sunday last on the New York Central Railroad near Garrison's. A fast express was speeding smoothly over the track near the bank of the Hudson, when a bank and supporting wall instantaneously gave way, and the engine, smoking-car, day car, and three sleepers were plunged into the river; three sleepers remained on the track. Nineteen persons in all were killed, including the engineer and fireman of the train; two of the victims were women, and, as we write, have not been identified; eight of the men killed were Chinamen; ten or twelve passengers were more or less seriously injured. The scenes about the wreck immediately after the disaster are described as pitiful and horrible. Of course there will be an official investigation of the cause of the accident. The only lesson which can clearly be drawn from the facts now known is that of never-ceasing vigilance in railway inspection. The New York Central is undoubtedly one of the best-built and best-managed companies in the country; that even on its splendid road-bed fifty feet of embankment could slip away without a warning shows that the "margin of safety" in engineering work should be a wide one, and that constant watching of the road by expert engineers should always form a second protection.

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The very heavy earnings of railroads reported for September have had their effect on the stock market and the general business situation. The earnings of one hundred and thirty-two companies show a total increase of over 14 per cent. as compared with September of last year, and a still larger increase over former years; in fact, the ratio of increase has not been exceeded in any single month of the last four years. The effect on the stock market was considerable—more than sufficient to arrest the somewhat alarming declines of the previous week, which were chiefly caused by the taking of profits on the part of the great speculative operators. Some one has said that the ideal bull market is one which goes up without ever stopping, and small investors too often act as if they believed in such a thing. Last week saw a great falling off in corn and wheat exports; a million and a half-million bushels less respectively went out than the previous week; experts do not think, however, that there will be as yet a serious falling off in foreign demand, and ascribe last week's figures to a holding back here for expected higher prices. The remarkable excess of the general total of exports over imports continues. One positive effect of the Dingley Law is that, making due allowance for the hurrying up of imports just before the bill became a law, the import trade has fallen to a lower level than has been known for fifteen years; September importations, for instance, are almost a quarter less this year than in 1896. General interior trade conditions over the country have not changed greatly this month; the production of iron, steel, machinery, and kindred articles has been noticeably large; business failures for last week show a slight increase in number over that preceding, but are at least a third fewer than a year ago at this time. Foreign matters of special interest to the commercial world are the laying of the foundation-stone of Russia's great naval docks at Vladivostok, and the news that the Great Northern Telegraph Company in Copenhagen is to lay a cable to Iceland from the north of Scotland by way of the Faroe Isles, and has had granted it the required subsidy of 30,000 kroner annually for twenty years.

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The formal dedication of the Yerkes telescope at Lake Geneva, Wis., on Thursday of last week, is an important event in the educational and scientific history of the country. The observatory, as the readers of The Outlook will remember, forms part of the equipment of the University of Chicago, and is stationed within convenient distance of that institution, but in a situation which secures the proper conditions for astronomical observation. The exercises of dedication were simple, but very significant of the character and quality of the work which the observatory is expected to do. In this connection the editorial comment of the London "Times" deserves careful reading, for that journal points out that the great danger which besets many American institutions is insufficiency of means to properly conduct them. This is unfortunately true, not only of many colleges and universities, but of many churches and homes in this country. We are in great danger, through our National hopefulness, of building beyond our power of making the highest use of what we build. American colleges are frequently the recipient of splendid structures without any increase of income for their maintenance, although that maintenance involves a large addition of annual expense. It is far better to throw the emphasis of generosity on endowment than on mere structure. A splendid observatory, for instance, with an insufficient endowment, is doomed to be a constant disappointment; a university magnificently housed, without ability to pay properly for teaching talent and for research, can never fulfill its highest possibilities. The Yerkes Observatory will probably not fall in this category, but the comment of the "Times" may well be laid to heart by all benefactors and founders of our institutions of learning.

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A Civic Philanthropic Conference was lately held at Battle Creek, Mich., with Dr. S. G. Smith, of the People's Church of St. Paul, and Professor of Sociology in the Minnesota State University, as President. Dr. Smith in his opening address laid particular stress on the necessity of abolishing the slums by the establishment of better methods of public education; by the introduction of the kindergarten into every public school, so that no child in the poorer sections of the city should be barred out; by the establishment of more practical forms of education in the public school system; the establishment of technical schools that would equip the pupils for their life-work—technical schools founded on the basis of the European technical schools. Dr. Smith deplored the fact that ten millions of dollars is expended in outdoor relief through public officials. He stated what is a well-known fact, that the enormous waste in handling this sum of money results in the creating and perpetuating of a pauper class in every community where outdoor relief is so administered. He condemned free lodging-houses. free soup, as positive detriments to civilization. Dr. Smith does not believe that the charge so often made, that the problems of municipal government are due to the large percentage of foreign population in municipalities, is true. He thinks it can be easily proved that the foreign population is more amenable to law and order than the native-born population. Dr. Smith attributes the increase of crime among the children of foreign-born parents to the lax administration of law, the lack of school facilities; he believes it to be due to the environment of the lawbreakers. He believes that in the city of the future free art galleries, free music, free libraries, free schools, free churches, with education based upon both the practical and the ideal, will produce the ideal citizen.

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One of the most interesting discussions of the entire Conference was on the subject of "The Press and Social Reform." The speaker was the Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, of the "Northwestern Christian Advocate." He expressed the belief that civic reform will come by education and evolution, and in no other way; that the fundamental basis of education is good books within the reach of all, and the elimination of that which contaminates the mind of the uninstructed, or sends to lower depths the vicious and depraved. The Secretary of the Michigan State Board of Health pointed out the increase of knowledge as to the value of the prevention of disease by the establishment of State bureaus of experts, not to overcome disease, but to prevent the waste of life caused by disease. The Convention indorsed the plan of medical examinations of the pupils in public schools. Food and exercise and their relation to the physical development of the individual, and the relation between morals and health, occupied the attention of the Convention. The very title, Civic Philanthropy, of this Conference shows the increased comprehension of the value of honest administration in public affairs. Every

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paper sooner or later pointed out clearly the relation between honest government and the welfare of the individual.

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An International Issue

The Outlook last week characterized the issue which will be decided in Greater New York on Tuesday of next week as a National issue. It is even more than that; it is an international issue. It touches the stability of popular government and the influence of that government in the world. The dignity of the fight which is now being made for good government under the leadership of Mr. Low has been so well pointed out by the London "Spectator," one of the most thoughtful and intelligent newspapers printed in the English language, that The Outlook can hardly render its readers a greater service than by reprinting the substance of the comment and giving it the greatest prominence:

The attention of the whole American people is evidently being concentrated on the New York municipal election to a degree scarcely less intense and interested than on the quadrennial election for the Presidency itself. This is not to be wondered at, for, as we said a few months ago when commenting on the new charter for Greater New York, the future Mayor of that city will be the most important political personage in the United States next to the President. The election has a deep interest also for the whole civilized world. Modern civilization is essentially a city civilization, and if the democratic principle cannot solve the problem of city life, it is doomed. Hitherto democracy must be said to have failed to maintain any high civic standard in the larger American cities, and particularly in New York. Whether under complete municipal self-control or under the semi-control established by the New York State Legislature, the government of the city has been too often a byword and reproach. Now a new experiment is about to be tried which will combine the features of American democracy and the security of tenure characteristic of German municipal life. The Mayor will be directly elected by the people, but he will enjoy a long term of office, and during that term his powers will be vast, in some respects almost despotic. No such election is known elsewhere in the world. The Chairman of the London County Council is merely the presiding officer of a body with restricted powers. The President of the Paris Municipal Council and the Burgomaster of Berlin are the creatures of the central Government, which can remove them or check their operations as it sees fit. But the Mayor of Greater New York will be elected directly by more than half a million of voters; for years he will exercise, practically without control, large powers and patronage over what is really a great province with an assessed value of £600,000,000. The success of such an elected officer would almost realize Carlyle's ideal of a democratic king, of a resolute, able, and honest man clothed with enormous powers, and yet without a vestige of the prestige of rank, the product of democracy, but acting under forms far removed from the old Republican ideals of America. On the other hand, if failure should attend this great experiment, it will be a failure felt throughout Europe as well as America; a failure which will accentuate the difficulty of the problem of democratic self-government in a vast modern city. The election, therefore, has far more interest for the world than have the majority of Parliamentary elections, for it touches the issues of modern social life far more closely.

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Of Supreme Importance

The municipal election now pending in New York City is not only, as we pointed out last week, a National issue; it is also true that, as a local issue, it is more important to the citizens directly affected than most National issues are or can be. To subordinate the municipal issues to National issues is to subordinate the more important to the less important, the greater to the less. To the citizens of New York it is more important to elect a good city government this year than it was last year to elect a good National government. To the people concerned a Mayoralty election transcends in importance a Presidential election. Doubtless to many of our readers this will appear a paradox. We state it purposely in a paradoxical form, and only ask them not to reject it impatiently until they have carefully considered the grounds upon which the statement is based.

The American democracy differs from most prior democracies in being founded on local self-government. It assumes that the interests of the individual are safer in his own control than in those of any ruler over him. It assumes that the interests of the locality are safer in the control of the people of the locality than in that of any imperial authority. It therefore leaves the individual free to determine all questions which concern himself alone and do not directly involve the interests of his neighbor. It leaves the town to pass upon all questions which concern the town alone. It reserves for the State only those matters which concern the State, and finally for the Nation only those matters which concern the entire Nation. In England to a considerable extent, and in France to a still greater extent, the rights of the locality are derived from the central authority. In the United States the rights of the central authority are derived from the

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localities. The American Congress has, by the express terms of the Constitution, only those powers which are conferred upon it by the Constitution; all other powers are reserved to the States. The British Parliament has unrestricted power; the authority of the County Councils is determined solely by Act of Parliament.

Under this system the importance of vital questions to the individuals affected is, with very rare exceptions, in the inverse ratio to the number of individuals affected by them. The most important questions to the individual are those which he must decide for himself: Whom shall he marry? Where shall he live? What sort of a home will he make for himself? In what business will he engage? The determination of these questions affects him far more vitally than the maintenance of protection or free trade. Next in importance to these are the questions determined by the local self-government: What shall be the sanitary condition of his town? Shall it be healthful or inviting to pestilence? What sort of schools shall it furnish for his children? Or shall it give none, and leave the children to roam the streets? Shall the police be brave and high-minded guardians of public honor and private property? Or shall their corruption render him liable to blackmail, or their cowardice and inefficiency leave his family subject to fears of assault and his property liable to pillage? These also are for him questions of far greater importance than questions of tariff or even of currency.

The simple principle is this: National issues concern more people, but local issues concern more vitally those who are concerned by them. To illustrate:

A few weeks ago a mob gathered in one of the mining districts of Pennsylvania; some houses were looted; many householders were in terror for their lives; some innocent men were shot down in the endeavor of a local constabulary to arrest the riotous procession. To those who were for the time terrorized, whose property was destroyed, or whose homes sudden and violent death has invaded, the lack of a government prescient enough to foresee the danger and strong enough to protect the community from it was a matter far more serious than the addition of ten or twelve per cent. to the tariff. Let the reader turn back a page or two and read the description which he will there find of the present condition of New Orleans. If a wise, efficient, and competent city government had kept the city always in the best sanitary conditions, and had been prompt to meet by modern scientific methods the first approach of yellow fever, there would be no such pall hanging over the city to-day. Does any one imagine that if the people of the United States had voted in favor of free silver coinage last fall, that vote would have inflicted on the Crescent City any such devastation as now afflicts it? Judge Field, of the United States Supreme Court, has died, and the whole Nation has a mild interest in the question who will be his successor. But the question who will be the police magistrate in a given judicial district of New York City is far more important to the people who live in that district. For it is not at all probable that any one of them will ever have a case before the United States Supreme Court, but the protection of their property and their persons depends in no small measure upon their own local court. The Pacific Railroads owe a large mortgage debt to the people of the United States. What the people shall do to collect it interests the people of every locality East and West, North and South. If it is paid, the amount will about equal one dollar to every inhabitant. If the municipality of New York can acquire control of the transportation systems of the city, the experience of Detroit and of Toronto demonstrates that the fares can be reduced from five cents to three cents. Workingmen who have to travel to and fro every day would, as a result of the reduced fare, gain more than a dollar in one month; in a year the gain would be $12, or for many of them, a week's wages. These illustrations may serve at once to make clear the meaning of our proposition, and to prove its truth: National issues concern more people; but local issues concern more vitally those who are concerned by them. It is more important to the people of the city of New York to secure clean streets, honest police, a pure judiciary, good schools, and the ownership of their highways, than it is to secure either revenue reform or protection, gold monometallism or free silver.

Nor is this a purely selfish way of looking at the question, as perhaps it might at first seem to be. The people of a locality might well be asked to sacrifice their own interests, if it were necessary, to promote the interests of the Nation. But the interests of the Nation as well as of the locality depend more upon local than upon National elections, as they depend more upon individual character

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and conduct than upon any elections. The notion that the Nation can be purified or even preserved by a public rally, in a Presidential election once in four years or in a Congressional election once in two years, is fatally false. The towns and cities are the units which compose the Nation, and if they are allowed to become politically corrupt the Nation cannot be kept pure. If in a city each house is unsanitary, the city cannot be healthful; if in the Nation each city is morally unsanitary, the Nation cannot be morally healthful. Not charity only, but honesty, purity, justice, every virtue, begins at home. Our first duty is to our own household, next to our ward, our village, our city; not only because our interests lie in this order, but because we cannot protect the Nation except by preserving the city, the ward, the individual home. And this truth, which is universal, is accentuated and emphasized in a Republic like ours. In an autocracy the hope of the nation may plausibly be thought to depend on its imperial head, because the authority is centered in him, and the liberty of the locality depends upon his will. But in a democracy the conditions are reversed. With us the central authority is derived from the local governments; the political character of President and Congress depends on the political character of the localities which have created and may dethrone them. The only way to purify the Nation is to purify the localities; the only way to free the Nation from bosses and machines is to free the towns and the cities.

If these considerations are correct, General Tracy is clearly wrong in calling upon the citizens of New York to subordinate their city election in 1897 to a Presidential election to take place in 1900. We see no reason for thinking that the emancipation of the city from corrupt ring rule in the interest of the favored corporations now will have any tendency to bring in free silver coinage in 1900. But even if it should have such a tendency, it would still be the duty of the voter to consider solely the interests of the city in the pending election. For whether we regard the welfare of the people whose municipal government is to be directly determined, or the welfare of the Nation which will be indirectly affected, the local election transcends in real and vital importance the National election. General Tracy is asking the people to subordinate the greater to the less; and the supreme interest which the people are taking in the election, not in the city only, but throughout the country and even in Europe, indicates that the people realize more clearly the true relations of local and National issues than do some of their leaders.

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Consumers' Duties

The moral feeling upon which the Consumers' League movement rests finds at last its fitting philosophical expression in a pamphlet by Mr. John Graham Brooks, published by the Consumers' League of Boston. Its fundamental proposition is this: The buyer creates what he buys. If he gets goods made under wholesome conditions and with well-paid labor, he supports wholesome conditions and well-paid labor. If he gets goods made under unwholesome conditions and with ill-paid labor, he supports unwholesome conditions and ill-paid labor. What we hire others to do we are responsible for the doing of.

This proposition, as Mr. Brooks puts it, is so clear that it amounts to a moral axiom; and if Mr. Brooks's pamphlet has the circulation it deserves, we expect to see a new recognition of the principle that merchants and manufacturers are not alone responsible for the treatment of labor, but that we who buy the goods are the ultimate employers, and cannot free ourselves from responsibility for the acts of our agents. Whether we get our work done at our homes, as our fathers did, or get it done at the factories, as we ourselves are doing more and more, we are bound to consider how the workers are treated. The industrial revolution which has transferred work from the homes to the factories has not lessened our responsibilities for our brother's keeping.

The fact that consumers have the situation in their own hands, while merchants and manufacturers are largely bound to accept the conditions which consumers desire, is receiving striking recognition from the leading economists of to-day. For a long time the problems of production practically monopolized the attention of economists, but the progressive thinkers of the present generation are turning more and more attention to the problems of consumption. Mr. Brooks brings together a formidable body of quotations illustrating this development. The most suggestive of these is probably that of Professor William Smart, who, as usual, goes to

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the very marrow of the question. "The producing man," says the Glasgow Professor, "is essentially the servant of the consuming man, and the final direction of industry lies with the consumers." To consider our duties as consumers, he points out, is to open "an immediate practical way in which the conscientious person may proceed to clear his own little corner of creation."

These conclusions of scientific thinkers had already been anticipated by popular intuitions. Before Professor Smart's work was published, American trades-unions had already adopted union labels to assure each other that goods made by their members were made under conditions measurably satisfactory to the workers, and philanthropic American women had already organized to give their trade to merchants who treated their clerks somewhat as they would wish to be treated. In this social reform, as in most others, the moral feeling preceded the scientific thought supporting it.

Yet the support now received from scientific thought will add immeasurably to the strength of the popular movements. Hitherto the appeals have been addressed too often to the emotions alone. A large part of the public, for example, has been alienated both from the Consumers' League and union label movements by outcries against "cheap goods" without reference to the cause of their cheapness. Mr. Brooks shows that the demand for well-paid labor is not inconsistent with the demand for cheap goods, since the best-paid labor in many branches produces the cheapest goods. In the long run, in all branches, the system which secures the best grade of laborers secures the greatest improvements in production; and even in the short run the saving that sometimes comes from cheap or overworked labor is often lost through the inferiority in the product. The demand that consumers shall not consider cheapness first, when making their purchases, but shall put first the moral treatment of the labor employed, is not one which only the well-to-do can afford to make. Already the laboring classes have gone the furthest in recognizing their obligations as consumers, and the chief sacrifice demanded from every one is to find out whether or not goods are made and sold under conditions of which the conscience approves. When consumers care that these moral obligations shall be recognized, the better class of merchants and manufacturers will recognize them.

The Grace of Acceptance

There are a great many sincere and honorable men and women, with a fine sense of independence, who are generous in giving and niggardly in receiving; who bestow upon others with a liberal hand, but who find it hard to accept those services and kindnesses which they love to bestow. But one cannot be really generous who refuses to his fellows the pleasure he takes to himself. There is nothing within one's reach quite so satisfying as throwing a door of opportunity open to some one who stands in sore need of the larger chance; nothing quite so delightful as putting one who craves music, art, books, nature, in the way of enjoying these things. In a thousand ways life gains sweetness through the consciousness of the ability to do small kindnesses, to render minor services, to exercise a little thoughtfulness and courtesy. But no one has a right to take this pleasure to himself and deny it to others; to insist upon giving, and at the same time refuse to receive. He only truly gives who receives as generously as he bestows. He who gives lavishly to me, but refuses to allow me to give to him, declares to all the world that he recognizes his own stewardship of all that he possesses, but denies mine; he affirms his own duty, but ignores mine. This means the division of a responsibility which ought to rest whole and entire on all men and women. It is, at bottom, disloyalty to the principle that we are children of one Father, members of one household, and heirs of one estate. It is a false idea of independence which makes a man unwilling to lay himself under obligations to others. It is, to begin with, impossible for any man to live and avoid putting himself under the heaviest obligations. Everything has been done for us before we are born: life, law, nature, God first; then society, government, school; then art, literature, pleasure and profit in countless forms—all these await a man when he arrives, naked, helpless, and ignorant, at the gate of the world. At the very beginning he is so loaded down with obligations that, no matter how great his services and how long and arduous his life, he goes out of the world hopelessly in debt to his fellows. But the world is not a place of barter, hard as some men strive to make it such; it is a vast school, on a divine foundation, where everything is given in order that it may be given again. Every pupil who learns his lesson gives and takes with equal pleasure.

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Worth the Cost

The joys of friendship are so many and so obvious that they stand in no need of enumeration or emphasis; but it is well to remember that these joys, like all others, must be guarded and cultivated. Nothing fine is ever secured or kept save at some cost of thought and effort; in order that real values may be impressed upon us, we are required to give something in exchange for every noble or beautiful gift which we receive. There is no element of barter in friendship; it cannot be bought; but it exacts a price, nevertheless. It must be paid for. It is sometimes said of a man that he has a genius for friendship, and it is true that a few fortunate men and women have the faculty of drawing, apparently without effort, sympathy, comprehension, and affection from others. But this particular manifestation of genius, like genius of every kind, is very largely a matter of infinite painstaking; there is a rivulet from a mysterious spring in it, but its channel is deepened and broadened by taking thought. One who would receive generously must give generously; and he who craves sympathy and affection must be sympathetic and affectionate.

Too many conscientious people in this busy country neglect the conditions which foster friendship because they regard work of some sort as the only serious and ethical occupation of life, and look upon friendship as a pleasant diversion, which one may enjoy if it comes in his way, but which one need not seek as a serious end. Now, it is quite as much our duty to educate and enrich ourselves as it is to do the work which is set to our hand. God does not want toil-worn artisans to do his work with entire fidelity, but without originality, freshness, or joy. He wants artists; those who co-operate and create with him by discerning his thought and following its lead swiftly and with enthusiasm. There is no greater aid in securing enrichment and fertilization of one's whole nature than intimate association with superior men and women.

The unconscious flow of influence from one fine nature to another is not only continuous, but it is, in the deepest sense, educational. The warm atmosphere which lures one's sensitive fancies from their retreats, the fine frankness which is a better self-criticism, the quick comprehension which helps one to grasp his own idea in all its implications—all these are supplied by a true friendship.

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The Spectator

There are three ways of visiting Norway, the two latter capable of considerable variation. You may take an ocean steamer from New York, or from an English or German port, for a three weeks' voyage along the coast. In this case you will sail in and out among the fjords for the three weeks. A fjord is an arm of the sea running far inland, with many ramifications, hemmed in by precipitous mountains rising from one thousand to five thousand feet from the water's edge, sometimes widening out into the semblance of a great inland lake, sometimes winding in and out among the mountains like a great river.

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If you adopt this steamer plan, you will land at certain notable points; you will perhaps make occasional excursions of a day into the interior, just enough to have an experience of a ride in a *stolkjaerre*, or carriole; perhaps you may even leave your steamer at some point, as Bergen, and by train and carriage go over one of the lower mountain passes to meet the steamer again at another point. You will go as far north as Molde or Trondjheim, or even the North Cape, in which latter case you may see the midnight sun, but more probably the midnight fog. Your trip will give you a good idea of the Norwegian coast, a little idea of Norwegian passes, practically no idea at all of Norwegian life. If you like steamer accommodations, and dread the changes involved in overland travel, you will have a maximum of comfort and expenses, a moderate measure of Norwegian scenery, and a minimum observation and experience of the Norwegian people. But you will see very comfortably the combination of mountains, ocean, and ocean lakes, which makes this coast one of the most wonderful in this wonderful world. Or you may land at Stavanger, by steamer from England—Stavanger being the southernmost city on the western coast—and, by a combination of carriage over the mountain roads, small steamers on the inland lakes, and larger steamers on the interior fjords, you may go up the western coast, but largely overland, from Stavanger to Trondjheim. In this case you will get practically all the most remarkable

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coast views which the other trip would have given you, and much besides. You will get some fine inland mountain scenery. You will drive over some of the finest and most remarkable roads in Europe; you will stop at the larger Norwegian hotels; you will see, close at hand, the curious Norwegian hamlets and the extraordinary mountain farms; you will have the advantage of being able to stop from time to time for rest and quiet enjoyment at some of the more remarkable points, which the less fortunate traveler, confined to the great steamers, may have to see shrouded in fog or veiled in rain, or not see at all, because of forbidding weather, or because delays have made it necessary to pass them in the night.

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Finally, you may go by way of Copenhagen to Christiania, on the extreme eastern border of Norway, cross the country from east to west by any one of these routes, and then add to this experience in the interior of this remarkable land so much of the coast-wise journey as your time and your purse permit. This is the course we have pursued, and we are very glad we have chosen it. Only thus do you see the people away from the great highways of European travel; only thus do you see to best advantage the mountains snow-capped in August, and the great *saeters*, or mountain pastures, which send down into the valleys an inexhaustible supply of butter, milk, and cheese; only thus do you stop at the genuine little Norwegian inns, unspoiled by contact with Cook parties, though not wholly unvisited by them; in short, only thus do you really see Norway. If one had time and inclination, one might well supplement such a trip with two or three excursions into mountain valleys and over mountain passes, where no wheeled vehicle ever goes, and where one must go on foot or on pony-back. These we have not tried.

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The facilities for traveling we have found, without exception, good. The hotels are invariably comfortable, though never what one would call luxurious. The beds are a trifle hard, but, after a day's drive or even sail in the open air, sleep is sweet and sound. The houses are all of wood; all the hotels, large and small, are sheathed with wood inside. Rarely if ever does one see plaster. The boards are generally not the narrow ones used by us for inside sheathing, but eight inches or a foot in width, and not always, I think not generally, tongued and grooved. There are rarely conveniences for warming the bedrooms, but the large rooms are furnished with cathedral-like stoves of a somewhat German pattern of stove architecture, where a fire is readily kindled on cold days. The table is almost uniformly good. Breakfast is given when you want it, generally about half-past eight or nine, and consists of fish, eggs, cold meats, and jam or marmalade; dinner is at two—soup, fish, one course of meat, sometimes two, and dessert, generally of fruit or a fruit jelly. There are never pies or tarts. Coffee is always served after dinner, but never in the dining-room. Supper is served at eight, and is really a second dinner, except that there is no soup, and the dessert is bread and jam or marmalade, and there is tea with the supper instead of coffee after it. The tea is generally poor. The meats are sometimes tough. Norwegian mutton—that is, goat's meat—does not compare favorably with the Southdown mutton of England. But the fish are delicious and always well cooked, salmon, brook trout, and lake trout being universal; the bread is always good; so is the coffee. The best thing about the coffee is the way it is served. In accordance with a common Continental custom, the coffee-urn is made the center of a sort of post-prandial social function, and affords an occasion for a half-hour of agreeable and restful conversation after dinner. On the fjord and lake steamers it is served on deck; in the hotels it is taken in the garden, on the veranda, or in the conversation-room. This agreeable and social way of drinking after-dinner coffee is only one of the manifestations that the American traveler sees on every hand of the skill the European possesses in making little things of common occurrence contribute to the joyousness of life.

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The Vacation Fund

SPECIAL GIFT

From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00

FOR VACATION EXPENSES

Previously acknowledged	$6,484 49
An Interested Friend, Groton, Conn.	1 00
R., Syracuse, N. Y.	2 00
Pilgrim Church S. S., Canaan, Conn.	13 03
Junior C. E. Soc. First Congregational Church, Ithaca, N. Y.	2 25
J. E. F., Appleton, Wis.	5 00
A Country Working-Girl	1 00
M., Buffalo, N. Y.	2 00
Thankful	2 00
Total	$11,512 77

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The Passing of Spain

By Elizabeth M. Howe

WHAT is to be the final outcome for Spain? Has she a future, or is the Spaniard to be added to the list of "beaten men of beaten races"? There is much evidence in support of the latter view. In the first place, Spain's poverty is not only deep but disgraceful, since it persists in the face of ample natural resources. It represents, not circumstances, but character. Spain's mineral wealth is greater than that of almost any other European country; eighty per cent. of her soil is reckoned as productive, and her varied climate makes possible a great range of agricultural products. There has been no considerable war since the days of Napoleon to waste her resources, and her geographical position has so protected her that she has been spared the great expenditures for fleets and standing armies which other nations have had to meet. But, in spite of all this, she is to-day stricken, bankrupt, and impotent, with debts which she can never meet, with the highest rate of illiteracy in Europe, excepting that of Portugal and the Italian islands (in 1889, the latest date for which figures can be found, 71.5 per cent. could neither read nor write), and without even that hope for the future which a normally increasing population would give. From 1860 to 1877 the annual increase of population was one-third of one per cent., and in the next ten years it was one-half of one per cent. per annum. The rate for England for the period most nearly corresponding to the last decade was 11.65. Russia alone, with her vast stretches of arctic steppes to be taken into account, has a lower average density of population than Spain. The latter has but 88 inhabitants to the square mile; the average for England is 497. The Spanish fields to-day are vacant, the towns so strangely empty that they seem unreal. Cordova, that once splendid metropolis of the Moors, the Mecca of the West, the resort and birthplace of scholars, the center of a great commerce, with a busy population of almost a million, is now a city under enchantment, the spellbound quality of whose grass-grown streets and silent plazas is as impossible to reproduce through the pages of an American journal as it would be to raise a genie by rubbing a street-lamp on Fifth Avenue. This wasted shadow of a once great capital is the unhappy type that confronts one again and again. With the exception of Madrid, which is an arid and rustic Paris, and of Seville, with its careless gayety, the Spanish city is a place of crumbling walls and blank façades, of deserted streets, of languid vistas, of poverty, of vacuity, of desolation, and of ruin to an incredible degree. There is no commerce; there is often even no traffic. The heavy atmosphere of decay hangs over the shrunken towns and villages, and on every hand are the signs of ebbing national life. Were a Spaniard to read this, he would dismiss it as but another example of the animosity of "los Yankes," so entirely normal has such a state of affairs come to seem to him; and an American reads it with incredulity because it does not represent to him anything conceivable. The unaided Yankee imagination cannot construct for itself a picture of Spain's decrepitude. It must be seen to be believed. The poverty is more than the lack of material assets or wealth-making ideas; it is the appalling lack of men. And Spain has handled her scanty resources in a fashion that is either criminally careless, or the method of a nation reduced to desperate straits.

The newspaper reports that the Spanish troops in Cuba are made up largely of boys of sixteen or eighteen years is, unfortunately, but too true. These young fellows, drawn for their first military training, who have never stood in rank or shouldered a musket, have furnished a considerable proportion of the Spanish forces in Cuba almost from the beginning of the war. A detachment of these boys, lined up one day at Algeciras preparatory to embarking, was a sufficiently clear indication of the available resources of the nation. They were ragged, many of them barefoot, all of them hatless, according to the definition of a hat which insists that it shall have both crown and brim, cheerful with the unreasoning cheerfulness of youth, which still looks on good fortune as its birthright—as pitiful food for powder as was ever seen. And as background to their pathetic youth were the empty vegas and half-deserted villages from which they had been torn. Spain has thrown her seed-corn into the hopper.

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Methods of work and the standard of living among the mass of the Spanish people are as primitive as their worst enemy could desire. The home of a well-to-do peasant is a thatched and whitewashed hut, not so good as most negro cabins in our Southern States, with rude openings for doors and windows, while hundreds occupy caves hollowed out in the hillsides. A skillful farm-hand earns, at the season when he is most in demand, but three pesatas a day—about sixty cents—and out of that sum he boards himself. At other times he earns one-half a pesata daily—ten cents—if he is living at the expense of his employer, or one pesata if he boards himself. He is heavily and capriciously taxed, he is subject to a long term of military service, he is abjectly religious and desperately ignorant.

But no depths of poverty, however dire, except perhaps a poverty in men, are conclusive evidence of a permanent decline. The reasons for believing that Spain's is such lie outside her immediate dolors, and are, in the main, three.

First, she has a low potential. A nation, like an individual, needs, for the effective expression of its best self, the opportunities suited to its special gifts. The nature of those opportunities and the way they are met is the measure of its ability to achieve—its potential. Spain represents to-day the lowest ebb in the declining fortunes of the Latin race in Europe, and, unlike the two other great branches of that race—the French and the Italian—her record is not such as to argue that her strength is merely in abeyance. She was at her best at the time when every man was a fighter, holding fiercely to a narrow allegiance. Her loss of prestige since that time has been steady, and her contributions toward the betterment of the conditions of human life infinitesimal. She probably stands alone among modern nations in having refused even the measure of freedom within her reach. It was the people, not royalty, who, as late as 1815, removed the "Stone of the Constitution"—the inscription "Libertad"—on the public buildings, and demanded the abolition of freedom of the press and the re-establishment of the Inquisition. She has been unfaltering in her devotion to the petty view, the reactionary policy, the stifling atmosphere. It is a very descriptive fact that, except for the work of some of her great painters, the Spain of the Spaniards imposes nothing upon the attention which even throws into perspective the domination and achievements of the Moor. The tradition that the Alhambra would not pass out of the possession of the Moors until the sculptured hand on the Gate of Justice should grasp the key also carved upon it, has had an unforeseen fulfillment. For Granada, to-day, is not so much the land of Ferdinand and Isabella as of the Saracen from whom they wrested it; and the Moor, by virtue of his genius, holds Spain still. Five centuries an exile, he still throws the Spaniard in eclipse. Second, Spain is still, in essentials, a mediæval nation. She is slothful, ignorant, intolerant, and superstitious. She is suspicious and cruel. She is also haughty, which is distinctly an archaic quality. The growth of modern civilization has been due, speaking broadly, to three factors—the forcing of nature to do the drudgery, the abandonment of the *a priori* method of thought for the *a posteriori*, and the development of the habit of co-operation. But in none of these directions has Spain made any substantial advance. To use Dr. Holmes's phrase, she is still eminently "unsocialized." Her commercial insignificance is due fundamentally to this fact, that she is even now in the A B C of the communal virtues, and that she has not the shoulder-to-shoulder habit which builds up communities. What industries Spain has are largely in the hands of foreigners. "And why?" said a Spaniard, himself a business man. "Because it is hard for two Spaniards to trust each other enough to work together, and three cannot." Comparatively good order reigns throughout the kingdom to-day, but the state of affairs which had to be met was that of a people with primitive conceptions of social relations. It was every man for himself; and matters have improved because the admirable Guardia Civile has succeeded so often in catching the hindmost.

But why should this be? It has been attributed to internal distrusts and jealousies due to the different strains in the population; but Spain has not had more diverse elements to control than Germany, or Austria, or Italy, or the United States, or England. Why has she alone resisted the great movement toward unification and comradeship? Her failure cannot fairly be laid at the door of the Government, since the Spaniard has simply wavered between a toleration of and a preference for bad rulers for many hundred years; but it must, in all truth, be charged to the Spaniard himself, and to a weakness—now become a fatal weakness—in his mind and character. He has been unfortunate in occupying a geo-

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graphical position which has made it easy for him to keep out of the great current of life, and, corrective effort on his part being lacking, he has come under the operation of one of those inexorable laws of nature to whose force the Spanish mind is so oblivious.

That law is simply the fixing of a type by inbreeding—a fact known to every manager of a stock farm, and as true of the human animal as of others. The Morgan horse, whose blood tells in spite of the mixture of other strains in every one of his descendants, is a case in point. The Puritan, who, secluded in New England, developed and fixed a type of character which has dominated this country, is another. It is this physiological law which pronounces the doom of the Spaniard; for, unfortunately, this intensification of traits by inbreeding works as surely for evil as for good, and, through its continued operation, the Spaniard has become proof against the effective impact of modern ideas. The accident of geographical position and the pride of race have contributed to this result, and the multiplied centuries of isolation have produced their certain result. The Spaniard is irrevocably a mediæval man; the type has ceased to be plastic. When that is recognized, the question of Spain's future is practically answered.

In what way the final passing of Spain will shape itself cannot be discussed here. As a factor in vital questions, she is already spent. Her neighbor, Portugal, might be called The Forgotten Kingdom, so completely is she out of the world to-day; and Spain herself is alive by virtue of her debts and her traditions. Both are great, but they are insufficient props for a kingdom. Her poverty will protect her from effacement for some time, just as it has protected her in the past; but, when the end comes, it will be a very complete extinction, since she will not survive, as ancient Greece has or Italy would, as an influence. She has been a fairly faithful guardian of those incomparable treasures, the Alhambra and the Mosque of Cordova, bequeathed her by the Moors, and for that we are her debtors. But, beyond that, the memory of a great queen, the work of two or three great painters, and of an equally meager roll of writers, almost measure her bequest to us. It is a pitiful but perfectly logical outcome; for her history, while it has been brilliant and at times almost great, has been characterized always by the lack of sympathetic motive and fruitful ideas. Her great epochs have been the epochs of able rulers, never those of a people moved by the stirrings of a broadening life. And to-day Spain is effective simply to point a moral and equip a paradox. The moral, like most good morals, has seen service, and is, that effort is the law of life, and that he who breaks it is sure to reap the consequences. And the paradox, too, is simple—that the only live things in Spain are those that are dead and gone. Her leading citizens are ghosts.

Whether Cuba wins her freedom now is, for that island, a matter of great importance; but so far as Spain's future is concerned, the immediate outcome one way or another is but a detail in the progress toward an inevitable end.

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Liberal Ideas in Germany

The New York "Evening Post" reports a very interesting speech recently made by Baron von Berlepsch, ex-Minister of Commerce for Prussia, before the Society for Social Politics in Cologne. A good deal of attention has been attracted to this speech by its character, and also by the fact that the speaker held so high an official position. The speaker said, in effect, that the close of the last century saw the struggle of the third social estate for emancipation, and that the close of the present century is seeing the struggle of the fourth estate, or the laboring class, for emancipation. This class is claiming the same intellectual and material advantages which the other classes have in succession won for themselves, and its aspirations are based on justice and are in the line of true social progress. Baron von Berlepsch declared, therefore, that the movement for the emancipation of labor deserved sympathy. He repudiated all Social Democratic ideas so far as such ideas are antagonistic to the foundations of existing society, but he said that in the light of history the intellectual and moral conquests of the past were in no danger. It would be a great mistake, in his judgment, in rejecting the programme of the Social Democracy, to reject also the legitimate demand of the laboring class for better conditions and for their share in the intellectual and moral achievements of society. On the same occasion another speaker, the Curator of the University of Bonn, and formerly Chief of the Imperial Chancery, came out very strongly in favor of the right of organization both for trade and political purposes.

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Soberly[1]

By Lyman Abbott

For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.—Titus ii., 11, 12, 13.

ALL men, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Unitarian, Jew and Mohammedan, agree in regarding Jesus Christ as a great teacher. Many of us regard him as much more than a great teacher (it is needless to say that I regard him as much more); but all agree in regarding him as at least a great teacher; and nearly all agree in regarding him as the greatest of teachers. Now, in this passage, Paul furnishes a summary of certain aspects of his teaching. The first thing that I want you to notice about this summary is its omissions. Most modern theologians, in furnishing any summary of Christ's teaching, would insert certain essential doctrines. The summaries which the Church has furnished are almost wholly summaries of doctrine. But when Paul gives a summary of Christ's teaching, he has nothing whatever to say about doctrine—he says the free gift of God has appeared to men, teaching them how to *live*, and how to live *in this present world.* And there are three things which Paul says he came to teach us respecting life: he came to teach us how to live soberly, how to live righteously, and how to live godly. Soberly suggests the duties we owe to ourselves; righteously suggests the duties we owe to our neighbor; and godly suggests the duties we owe to God. I propose, in three successive sermons, to consider what light the life and teaching of Christ throw on these three aspects of life—sobriety, or temperance or self-control; righteousness, or fair dealing with one's neighbor; and godliness, or piety.

What, then, do the life and teaching of Christ indicate respecting sobriety, or self-control, or temperance—for these three words are substantially synonymous?

A great many persons have in times past imagined, and a few still do imagine, that the way to self-control is escape from temptation. They go out of the world, because in the world it is difficult to maintain sobriety, or temperance, or self-control. There are storms at sea—let us remain in the harbor; knowledge is dangerous—let us remain ignorant; there are troubles in life—let us stay out of life.

That was not Christ's way. He was with his Father, where there were purity and peace and the absence of temptation, and he came out of the harbor into the storm, out of the peace into the battle-field; he came to earth into the thick of the conflict, and subjected himself to all the temptations that environ humanity; he was tempted in all points like as we are. John the Baptist did not. John the Baptist found a corrupt age, and ran away from the corruption and hid himself in the wilderness. The man who runs away from temptation is a follower of John the Baptist—not a follower of Christ; the man who stays out of politics because politics is a dirty pool is following John the Baptist—if he follows Christ, he goes into the dirty pool and tries to clean it.

There are other persons who draw a line: all things on one side of the line are wrong, all things on the other side of the line are right. That was not Christ's method. He did not draw any lines. There were not certain things from which he absolutely abstained, and certain other things into which he plunged, without consideration. He came into life, and into the whole of life. That it is right for men to cut off absolutely some things that are in themselves innocent is true—of that I shall speak in a moment—but that is not Christ's ideal of temperance or self-control. He came eating and drinking; he made wine by a miracle; he consecrated it in the last hours of his life to the sacred service of the church; he mentioned dancing more than once—never with condemnation, always with implied if not with express approval. There was no room in life which he set aside, saying, Into that you must not go; he never wrote "taboo" on anything. The man who says, Thank God, I never get drunk, I am a temperate man; but who, when he gets home, scolds his wife and is cross to his children, is not a temperate man. Temperance is not mere abstention from wine and cigars. It is immeasurably more; it is bringing the whole body into subjection to

[1] A sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., October 3, 1897, at the morning service. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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higher powers and nobler uses. No man is a temperate man simply because he turns the key on some doors.

There are still more of us who live in a lifelong battle with the flesh; all the time contending with the lower nature; dwelling in the Seventh of Romans from the cradle to the grave; and we are pretty well satisfied if our lower self does not get the better of our higher self and make shipwreck of us. Most of us are like those that have a wildcat in the house, and there is always a chance that the wildcat will get loose. Our animal nature is not domesticated; it is caged. But that is not Christian self-control. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; it is better to enter into life halt or blind than it is to go into everlasting destruction (for that is the meaning of hell fire) with two hands and with two eyes. If you have a self-indulgent appetite; if you have a covetousness that makes it hard to give money; if you have a temper that makes you irritable and cross at home, do not keep it caged—kill it, have done with it. I read a story the other day of a man who bought a tame stag, and fed and cared for it, and he came to have an affection for it. One day he undertook to take it from one place to another, and as he led it, it began to resist, and it pulled and he pulled, and they had a tussle in the street, and all at once the stag made a lunge at him and nearly pinned him to the ground; and then he got his arms around its throat, and at hazard of his life held it, and so finally got it to his home. But he did not keep it; he had it shot at once. That is what a man ought to do. You have no right to go on keeping an ungovernable temper, an ungovernable appetite, an ungovernable acquisitiveness—anything that is ungovernable. If you were a commander in an army, and there was a traitor in your camp, you would have him out and hang or shoot him in short shrift, and then with your loyal army you would fight your battle. Christian brethren, you and I have no right to allow traitors in our own camp all our lives; the traitor in ourselves ought to be killed at once. And then our strength, and the whole of our strength, ought to be given to the service of God in fighting enemies without. That was Christ's way. He had his battle; he fought it out in the wilderness; it took him forty days to fight it through. It was not an easy battle. How many of us care enough for spiritual victory in the world to go off from our business and our family for forty days and wrestle with the tempter until we have that appetite or that temper or that acquisitiveness under control? This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting.

And the control is not merely negative; it is control for service. Yield your body, says Paul, an instrument of righteousness. You have not control of your appetite so long as it gives you neither drunkenness nor dyspepsia. You have not control of your appetite until you have made it an instrument of righteousness. A fire breaks out in a warehouse and the flames burst out at every window, and the fire company is called, and, after fighting it for an hour or two, the word goes out that they have the fire under control. That is one kind of control. An engineer starts a fire under his locomotive, and it makes the steam, and he turns on the steam and sets the machinery at work. That is the other kind of control. We have not self-control if we have a fire so mastered that it does not burn us; our fires must serve us. Our passions and appetites and ambitions and acquisitiveness—all the elements in our nature that we are accustomed to think of as base—are to be transformed and made servitors of the higher, nobler, diviner life. Combativeness is to serve your conscience. We want more combativeness in politics just now. Appetite is to serve the spiritual nature. We are not merely to abstain from self-indulgence, but are to know what things will make brain and muscle and nerve and blood better, and are to eat for the purpose. Acquisitiveness is to serve benevolence. Self-esteem is to serve loyalty. It is not enough to quell the mob within ourselves; we have to make the mob a military company marching under command and doing God's battle in the world. That is what Christ did. All the elemental powers of his nature were concentrated and turned in one direction and to one glorious and sublime service. For the control was by affirmative methods and to definite ends. He illustrated this with a story. He said there was a man who had a devil in him, and the devil was cast out, and the devil went everywhere seeking for a home and could not find one, and came back and found the house out of which he had been cast swept and garnished, and there was no other tenant there; and so he went and found seven other devils, and they all came back into the swept and garnished house, and the last state

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of that man was worse than the first. What does that mean? It means, Overcome evil with good. It means that it is not enough to restrain covetousness—we must acquire benevolence; it is not enough to restrain pride—we must acquire loyalty; it is not enough to restrain temper—we must make combativeness serve the cause of righteousness; it is not enough to cast out the evil—the only way to do it is by bringing in the victorious good.

If we could but hear the message which our choir sang to us to-day, if we could but realize what He has given for us, what love He has shown to us, if we could but realize that hymn we sang just before the sermon, if we could realize that He became our kinsman that we might be akin with Him—how all self-denial would become easy, and how self-control would become joyous because it would be the control of God in us and the control of love over us! Not to go out of life, not to cut certain things off from our life, not to be struggling all our life long with our flesh, but to give ourselves with singleness of consecration to God and to humanity, to faith and hope and love, and thus make all things else instruments of righteousness, obedient to them—this is to understand sobriety as Christ understood it.

"The Age of Disfigurement"

By Arthur Reed Kimball

IT is estimated that the "waste" of preserving Niagara Falls is $50,000,000 a year. That is, the total horse-power of the Niagara cataract is put at 5,000,000, which multiplied by $10 gives the annual waste. Some day, at the rate the practical is displacing the æsthetic, this "waste" will be utilized to turn turbine-wheels. Then, as the "Electrical World" consoles us, we may reflect that "the harnessing of the elemental forces of nature in the service of mankind will furnish a spectacle of even more impressive grandeur than that now displayed by the uncontrolled cataract." This is the view, as I recall it, taken by Lord Kelvin when he was interviewed in New York last summer on his way to the meeting of the British Association in Montreal. He was quoted by a New York "Sun" reporter as predicting that Niagara Falls would be drawn off, and even Lake Erie drained, in the interest of the utilization of so great a natural power. Lord Kelvin, as quoted, regarded with regret such a disposition of falls and lake, but considered that the resulting benefits would counterbalance the æsthetic loss.

This cold-blooded view of the utilitarian possibilities of an object of natural grandeur is almost as shocking in its way as is the opposed and extreme view given us so often by Mr. Ruskin. Many readers will recall the passage in "Sesame and Lilies" where he says: "You have despised Nature; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French Revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your only conception of pleasure is to drive railway carriages around their aisles and to eat off their altars."

It is refreshing to find a practical as well as a literary Englishman, one widely known for his good sense here in America, the Hon. James Bryce, M.P., sympathizing with Mr. Ruskin's point of view, if not with its exaggeration of expression. In an admirable address on "The Preservation of Natural Scenery" before the Cairngorm Club of Aberdeen—a club devoted to outings and named from the smoky-brown rock-crystals of Cairngorm Mountain, of which so many American tourists bring home souvenirs in jewelry—Mr. Bryce gave an admirable résumé of the reasons which should lead us to do what we can to stop the course of reckless disfigurement under the guise of utility, and of the extent to which we should go in stopping it. This address has been inadequately reported, and hence has come under the eye of but few in England, and of but fewer still in America.

At the outset Mr. Bryce noted that "the conscious interest in, and love for, the beauties of Nature is perhaps not much more than one hundred and twenty years old." He traces its most distinct beginning to James Thomson, the Scotch poet, finding strong evidences of it in Cowper, and that it inspired in fullest measure the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and of their young contemporaries, Keats and Shelley. This was contrasted with the literature of the ancient world and of the Middle Ages, whose poets dwelt lovingly upon

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the features of natural scenery which struck them, and used accurate epithets in describing them, but stopped there. It was difficult, if not impossible, in Mr. Bryce's view, to explain, to one who does not appreciate it himself, the pleasure of beautiful scenery; as difficult as to explain music to one who has no "ear." This is a great obstacle in the way of any movement intended to preserve natural scenery, whose three principal enemies, as classified by Mr. Bryce, are advertisers, commercial companies, and railways.

In regard to advertising, Mr. Bryce considered its worst form "the large painted boards stuck upon poles in pretty pastures and along the banks of rivers." He added that the practice was worse in America "because there they have begun to paint the names of medicines on the rocks and trees of the finest scenery they possess." He stated that there had been annually brought into the House of Commons the last few years a bill to give local authorities power to put advertisements under control, and he hoped they would be before long successful in carrying the bill, "perhaps in being able to persuade some local authorities to make use of it."

Turning next to the commercial companies, Mr. Bryce said that an aluminum company had destroyed the Falls of Foyers, "certainly the most beautiful and striking waterfall for its height and for its surroundings in the United Kingdom." The company purchased the land and constructed a tunnel, diverting the stream above the falls, so that now the water only trickles over the precipice, except after heavy rains. As the company had "somehow got hold of the County Council of Inverness," and (having bought the land) did not have to go to Parliament for "power"—that is, for the right to use it in any way desired—no means whatever remained "to prevent the destruction of this unique and wonderfully beautiful piece of scenery"—a failure of legal remedy for an evident public injury from corporate greed much to be deplored.

Passing next to the railways, Mr. Bryce pointed out that in their case it was delicate and difficult to define the rights of the conflicting interests of utility and æstheticism. The famous tunnel under the St. Gothard Pass absolutely destroyed the charm of the beautiful cascades on the south side. But as this was the cheapest and most direct line by which South Germany and Switzerland could be connected with North Italy, it ought to be held that the benefit counterbalanced the destruction of the scenery. There were certain kinds of scenery whose charm would be absolutely destroyed by a railway. He gave an instance familiar to all American tourists in England when he said: "The scenery at Ambleside, as in most parts of the lake country, is on so small a scale, and of so fixed and delicate a character, that it would receive irreparable injury by the construction of a railway." He had small faith in the compensating advantage for which the advocates of railways contend, that they enable a great many people to visit scenery they would not otherwise visit. "The tourists," said Mr. Bryce, "who had a rapid glimpse of the fall of the Garry from the glass-inclosed railway coupé, did not really see the Pass of Killiecrankie; still less could they form any idea of what it had once been." He believed in railways that carried persons to scenery, but he thought there was a great difference between that and taking people "through scenery." In his opinion there ought to be some provision in an act of Parliament covering railways generally, such as he succeeded in having introduced last year into the Light Railways Bill. By this provision, "where any one objects to the construction of a light railway on the ground that it will injure any building of historic interest, or any fine piece of natural scenery, the Board of Trade and the Light Railway Commissioners shall be required to hear and consider the objection." He also thought that a department of state should be constituted whose duty it should be to protect "three classes of articles—buildings or sights of great historical interest, ancient buildings of exceptional beauty and architectural interest, and striking and remarkable pieces of natural scenery." Every district of the country should also have a local society to undertake their protection, modeled after the excellent society existing in Edinburgh. In conclusion, Mr. Bryce held it far more important "to give a really happy, enjoyable life, full of the best pleasure, to the mass of the people, and to raise them in the social scale, than to have a large population and a greatly increased production of commodities which would further swell the population."

In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Bryce is an enthusiastic member of the National Society for Checking the Abuse of Public Advertising (known familiarly under its abbreviated title, "Scapa"), of which the honorable Secretary, Richardson Evans, Esq.,

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is a most active promoter. This Society, of whose existence probably few Americans are aware, has an impressive list of members. To pick out a few of the names most familiar on this side of the Atlantic is to include Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate; the Earl of Carlisle; Walter Crane, A.R.W.S.; Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the lamented political economist; Professor Darwin, F.R.S.; Rudyard Kipling, William Black, the Bishop of Rochester, Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S.; and, among members recently deceased, the late Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, and William Morris. This Society was founded in 1893. Its object is to procure legislation "whereby local representative bodies may be enabled to exercise control in cases of flagrant and acknowledged abuse of spectacular advertising." It also aims to secure the insertion of suitable provisions in railway bills and other Parliamentary proposals. It even goes so far as to advise its members "to give preference in private transactions to makers and dealers who do not employ objectionable methods" in advertising, and to avoid, as far as possible, "the purchase of wares which are offensively puffed." The object aimed at is education rather than any "immediate deterrent effect." The Society also urges the formation of local societies with similar aims which shall teach the young to find pleasure in nature.

The official publication of the "Scapa" is entitled "A Beautiful World." It is interesting to Americans to note that on the outside cover of the last annual issue (December, 1896) is a verse from Whittier:

> The beauty which old Greece and Rome
> Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home;
> We need an eye and ear
> In all our daily walks to trace
> The outlines of incarnate grace,
> The hymns of gods to hear!

The retrospect (in the journal of the Society) for the year then closed finds comfort in the fact that agitation is gradually producing an impression; that, for example, a bill to facilitate building operations which were supposed to affect the view from Richmond Hill was voted down in a full House of Commons by an overwhelming majority. It is also noted that the County Council of London has secured the "condemnation of some monster hoardings erected for advertising purposes," and has obtained from the superior courts "judicial confirmation of the rigid enforcement of the prohibition of sky signs." A significant straw showing the direction of popular sentiment is the fact that one series of guide-books makes note of advertising disfigurements in describing various pleasure resorts; also that the Thames River, which has become a beautiful river since the construction of the Embankment, is, by act of Parliament, protected from any advertising whatever on its banks.

It need scarcely be added that we here in America need perhaps even more than they do in England a similar society to the "Scapa." The only objection that can be made to the work of such a society is that many would regard it as an infringement of private rights. Has not a man the right to be as ugly or hideous as he pleases in what he puts upon his own property? Referring to this view, "A Beautiful World" notes "as one of the memorable events of the year" the appearance in Mr. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" of a passage in which the right doctrine is clearly and unequivocally asserted—this: "The State cannot undertake to guarantee the morals of its citizens, but it ought at least to enable them to pass through the streets without being scandalized, tempted, or molested. . . . The same rule applies also to some things which have no connection with morals; to unnecessary street noises which are occasions of acute annoyance to numbers; to buildings which destroy the symmetry and deface the beauty of a quarter, or darken the atmosphere by floods of unconsumed smoke; and to the gigantic advertisements by which private firms and venders of quack remedies are now suffered to disfigure our public buildings, to destroy the beauty of both town and country, and to pursue the traveler with the hideous eyesores for hundreds of miles from the metropolis. This great evil has vastly increased in our day, and it urgently requires an interposition of the legislator."

In his article on "The Upward Movement in Chicago" ("Atlantic Monthly" for October) Henry B. Fuller, the novelist, makes it clear that he holds the doctrine of Mr. Lecky. Mr. Fuller there speaks of the public parks as "the only portion of Chicago that possesses any beauty or even can possess any;" and of the associated architecture of the city as "becoming more hideous and more preposterous every year." Mr. Fuller adds: "Nowhere is the *naïf* belief that a man may do as he likes with his own held more tenaciously than in our astounding and repelling

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region of 'sky-scrapers,' where the abuse of private initiative, the peculiar evil of the place and the time, has reached its most monumental development."

The Divine Rights of Children

By Mrs. Nathan Sheppard

WE older ones have a way of thinking of a child as a pretty toy, a dainty bit of flesh and blood given us to indulge and caress; or as a nuisance to be abated if possible, or endured with much inner annoyance if politeness prevents our giving the owner of the undisciplined bit of humanity a piece of our mind.

Like all extremes, these opposite opinions meet in equal disaster to the infant practiced upon.

The English say an American child is "always in evidence," and is no respecter of either persons or proprieties.

The French say the American child "brings itself up unaided, while the mothers practice law and medicine."

We and our critics forget that all children are born "free and independent citizens" of the world, with divine rights which every parent and guardian and friend is bound to respect. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the decalogue, and the laws of the State and Nation, are a part of its divine heritage.

With its first wail, piteous or aggressive, it enters its claim. Do we, as administrators, give justice to the heavenly orphan, or do we defraud it of half its legacy? What are its rights and what are our duties, and what will the result be when this estate is closed and the Great Judge calls for the final accounting?

The child has claim (1) to health; (2) to reasonable comfort; (3) to discipline that will teach self-restraint and the rights of others—especially does it need to be taught respectful consideration for father and mother and aged grandparents; (4) to religious instruction, and that refinement of thought which will give refinement of manners and morals; (5) to secular education and every wise aid to progress in the line of life preferred or thrust upon it.

Who is blameworthy, we or the child, if it comes to maturity unfit for its life-work, a self-indulged, undisciplined nature, ready to add to the already heavy burden of evil or discomfort in the world?

An English friend once said to me, "I think the reason American parents are ruled by their children is because they will not take the trouble to train them."

It is easier to indulge the child than control it. To train a child kindly and carefully, without wearying or worrying it, requires ceaseless care and prayerful thought. How few of us are willing to give to this work the same attention which we give to our business or our daily pleasures? In the most light-hearted manner we take upon us the solemn responsibility of adding another life to the crowded population of this sad world; and as we look into the bright eyes and admire the active body of the newcomer, we say, with great unction, "Yes, God helping us, our child shall never know the want of physical comfort, and the little one shall have all the good times we can give it. Some day it shall have a college training, and go in for law or politics or anything desired." Then we immediately begin humoring all the whims and tempers of the youngster, surfeiting the little stomach, running to every call, bowing the knee in surprised adoration to every gurgle and wrinkle, until by the end of the second year his or her young majesty is a household tyrant and a terror to all who come within sight or hearing.

Or perchance we have views as to the proper manner in which a child should be reared. We administer these views most vigorously to-day, but to-morrow we are busy with some pet occupation or enjoyment, and we nearly forget the very existence of our offspring. Every rule is broken, and the young native runs amuck for twelve or fourteen hours, only showing up at table with very dirty hands and face, or rushing in at odd times with the cry—"Gimme something to eat."

We look up with mild surprise and say, "Dear me! Where have you been! There, run away and don't bother now." Or perchance we exclaim with irritation, "Stop that noise! If you don't remember what I tell you, I'll surely punish you!" And the wily youngster slips out of sight, while we turn again to our pleasures.

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Possibly the mother is public-spirited, and must needs give time and strength to the improvement of her fellow sisters and brothers; or she may be in love with her own platform voice, and, while under the spell of the beautiful and touching sentiments that rush to her lips, quite forget that her own babe is absorbing theories and habits from nurse or housemaid or children on the street, that will ripen into apples of Sodom as the days grow into years—little seeds of weeds so thickly strewn that most diligent labor, strengthened by the prayers and tears of later years, will fail to entirely destroy them.

Perchance the father is so devoted to his family that he is determined to become a multi-millionaire for their sakes, and has no time to notice how the home life is managed. What with business and sleep and social functions, he is for twenty or twenty-one hours of each day as far from his family as though Wall Street were in the heart of Africa. Does he ever ask himself, "Am I my children's keeper? Will a million dollars buy a heavenly coronet for my daughter, or a 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' for my son?"

Do we believe that God sends these souls into the world without taking bond and security of those at whose hearthstones he places them? Or do we fancy that by accident the little ones are tumbled on to this "sorrowful star"—little treasures in earthen vessels to be scattered to the four winds, or gathered in the dust-heap at last, and earth none the brighter for their luminosity as they struggle and strive to shine through the cumulation of grime gathered in their unchecked, undirected wanderings?

The other day I heard a mother say, reprovingly, to a small maid:

"Oh, Gertrude! How can you come to the table with such dirty hands and face?"

"It don't matter," replied the child. "There isn't any company here."

Whereupon the mother laughed and said, "Gertrude is always ready with some bright response."

Then the child, to the disgust of all present, went on with her meal, helping herself from every dish within her reach, entirely forgetting the pretty courtesy of "please" and "thank you" for favors, and wearying the ears and trying the temper of the family by her noisy chatter.

Poor mother! What an opportunity she at that moment missed of winning to herself the loving admiration of her daughter by teaching her, by example and precept, that to one's own is due, more than to any company, polite attention and respectful consideration! The family table is the place where from infancy the growing and imitative mind is most impressed with the quality of its parents.

Alas for the thoughtless mothers of indulged and neglected children! The habits of early childhood are indelible, and the sun of occasion may bring them to the surface at most unexpected moments, to the betrayal and confusion of the most cautious imitator of genuine training.

Do not deceive yourselves with the thought that because your child is amusing and loving, it will, after a while, when it gets a little more age and wisdom, train itself into the things that are right and desirable, and out of the things that are wrong and undesirable. Unfortunately, no. The habit becomes the second nature, and though social policy and love of admiration may for a time induce more careful ways, yet, like heredity, the birthmark of early youth grows more visible as we pass beyond the middle line of our allotted day.

And "Heredity," that mysterious legacy of things good and evil, that comes with and to every child from its unknown past! How seriously should we consider that child's right and claim to a careful transmission of all that is noble and worthy, in body and mind and spirit, that comes to us from our ancestry, if in that ancestry we can honestly take pride; and how solemnly we are bound before God, for the sake of his trust given us, to cast out of ourselves every taint that may have come to us from an unworthy ancestry!

We are our "brother's keeper," we are our child's keeper. Ah, mothers and fathers! but most especially mothers, to you would I cry with all possible emphasis, consider and realize, I pray you, how far above rubies, how far above personal ease and culture, how far above fame of any kind, is the chance for immortality which the blessed Lord gave you when he placed a young child at your feet. Those of us who have been bereft can see with clarified vision the shining pathway "down through the ages" and up to heaven's eternal day, which might have been ours to walk, leading and led by the little one, had not the All-wise recalled his gift.

Perhaps we were unfit to be trusted with the pure, white-paged, unwritten book. Perhaps, under our pen and pencil, it would

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have been marred with blots and defaced with unworthy pictures.

Perchance the easily molded clay would have come from under our hands with eyes awry and feet that longed for the rank growth and mud of swamps, instead of the flower-scented meadow paths. God, the all-seeing searcher of self-indulgent, neglectful, unappreciative fathers and mothers and guardians, only knows. Our lonely lives must make atonement through His mercy for all defects and frailties, and give of the smaller supply given us to the waifs and strays who chance to cross our path. But the woman who still wears her crown of motherhood should set that life-work before all other. First, always first in every detail, by day and by night, we must remember that it is our children who "will inherit the earth."

God says to every father and mother, "Through you, by your children, I send my message of higher civilization and higher Christianity to all the unborn ages; and at the last great day 'The Book of Life shall be opened,' and 'as it is written' so shalt thou be judged."

The Folly of Father

By Virginia Y. Remnitz

THE disappearance of "father" created, at first, but small anxiety in the Dickerson household. His daughter-in-law declared, while eating breakfast, that it was a nuisance keeping folks' meals for them. Her husband laughed good-naturedly, and "guessed father was off somewheres with the birds, and would come home when his stomach warned him." Arabella, and Arabella only, kept silence. When questioned concerning her grandfather, her fair skin reddened slightly and her blue eyes drooped. But she had no information to give. Arabella was a painfully conscientious child, with a high forehead and a small, sensitive face. Her little mind had a matter of its own to adjust, and needed the seclusion found only out-of-doors. So, as soon as might be, she left her questioners and went to the daisy-field across the road. There she and her grandfather were wont to "play at farm" together.

It was early June, and the great field, with its flowers and its sweet scents, its cool lengths of shadow and its warm breadths of sun, was a place at once of riot and of rest. For the child the riot, and for the old man the rest. He would sit quietly under the great oak-tree, thinking of many things, while she chased imaginary cows out of imaginary corn, and hunted hens' eggs amid daisy-stems and grasses. For the child had visited at the farm every summer she could remember until this one, and she sadly missed the treat which had always turned the rest of the year, for her, into eleven months of waiting. When her grandmother died, early in the winter, it had even been suggested that they all move out to the old homestead; but Arabella, who listened with leaping heart and bated breath to the discussion, soon heard her mother's conclusion of the whole matter, "Farm life, indeed! It's just drudgery, fit for those who like it, and don't care for society and cultivating their minds." So lonely old Father Dickerson had left the farm he loved and come to live in town with his son Jim.

Arabella, alone in the daisy-field, sat down under the great oak-tree where her grandfather had rested the morning before, and weighed her evidence. "I don't *know* where grandpa is, and I haven't seen him this morning; only, he said he was going some day—*and I guess he's gone!*" She looked solemnly at the daisy-heads nodding toward her under the passing breeze. Suddenly her expression changed, and the blue eyes looked out defiantly through rising tears. "Oh, he *might* have taken me with him. It is mean! It is mean!" And it was only yesterday they had such a good time together; until her mother called them in from the field. Then came the rough banter with which her father had greeted their tardy appearance at the table. "Been farming out in the daisy-fields, have you? Well, how's crops getting along?"

Why had her grandfather flushed red all under his white, wrinkled skin? He had not answered her father's kindly query, "Kind o' miss the old place, don't you?" but her mother had promptly spoken for him. "What! miss slavin' when he's a feeble old man? I guess not. Now Mother Dickerson's gone, he couldn't any more run that farm than—than Arabella could. And here he's not got a thing to do from morning till night!"

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Arabella sighed unconsciously as she recalled the tone of her grandfather's voice when he answered: "That's so, Milly. Not a thing to do from morning till night."

A bird flashed over the field, and as Arabella followed its flight her thoughts drifted to the bobolink meadow at the farm. It was really the great clover piece, but the child had named it after the merry little songsters who seemed to love the place.

"I wish I was there," she said, aloud.

"Arabella! Arabella!" The sharp voice shook the brooding summer air into confusion, and the little girl sprang quickly to her feet. "I guess he's there by now," she thought, as she ran. "Oh, if he'd only taken me with him!"

But ten miles, on a hot morning, is a long walk for an old man. Moreover, June is the season of nesting birds and wild strawberries. When the frightened little mothers dart out of their hiding-places, who can resist the temptation to pause and pry? And who, hungry and weary, could refuse an invitation to breakfast under shady trees, where covers are laid for whoever chances that way? No wonder it was nearly noon when old Mr. Dickerson paused beside a roadside fence, and, drawing a deep breath of sweet air from the bobolink meadow, leaned his arms on the upper rail.

"And they're a-mending it, just as we was planning to," he murmured, noting some tools which lay not far from where he stood, and also the freshly inserted rails, showing out incongruously amid their weatherbeaten surroundings. "I'm real glad they are keepin' things up." He looked around for the owner of the tools, but failed to see the young man who, lying in the shade of a tree near by, raised his head at the sound of a voice and watched the speaker curiously.

Father Dickerson had never seen the owners of the place, having left to his son all the business connected with selling. When told that the purchasers were young and inexperienced, he had felt sad misgivings for the homestead. Yet in the first pleasure of revisiting this spot he failed to look about with a farmer's eye, and not until the mended fence gave his thoughts a practical turn did he glance critically over the meadow stretching before him. Then the light died out of the old man's face, and he shook his head dolefully. "Running wild!" he muttered. "The great clover piece running wild!" He clambered slowly over into the meadow, and sank knee-deep in the clover and daisies and meadow-grass. A bobolink sprang up from before him, and the long, sweet whistle of a meadow-lark came from over the stream. And the man who had been lying under the tree crawled noiselessly up to the fence and peered in on the scene in the meadow.

The shadow had lifted from Father Dickerson's thoughts, and he was rubbing his hands together gleefully. "If them bobolinks ain't as saucy as ever!" he cried aloud. His uplifted face shone with delight and his mild blue eyes beamed as they followed the flight of the bird which had called forth his exclamation. This winged incarnation of gladness bubbled over as he flew into a rollicking laugh of a song. Another step forward and the quietly clad little mate rose up, lighting on a tuft of grass not far off. The old man dropped on his knees with a boyish laugh, and began to hunt about in the grass. In a few moments he rose, shaking his finger at the anxious little housekeeper who watched him. "You rogue, you! It takes brighter eyes 'n my old ones to find a bobolink's nest, and you know it. You can come back home now. I ain't going to step on the eggs, either."

The young man looking anxiously through the fence could not hear the words, but he saw the motions. "Plum crazy, poor old chap!" he murmured.

Father Dickerson made a careful circuit of the place from which the bird had risen, and waded on through the wind-blown billows of meadow growth, watching the antics of the bobolinks as they tilted daintily on the long, stiff blades of grass, played tag in the air, or, fluttering ecstatically over his head, broke into their musical, irrepressible merriment. They seemed scarcely to regard as an intruder the old man who passed along by the edge of the stream, nodding and smiling at each little wild creature he started out of its covert. Suddenly the young man who was watching rose to his feet and began collecting his tools. He meant to get home before that crazy old chap, or Nellie'd be scared to death. So he swung around by the road at a good pace, while Father Dickerson pursued his leisurely, happy way through the meadow and on to the hillside orchard which led to the house.

The trees in the orchard were full of promise in the shape of countless little green apples, and the fields which lay about the farm-house were orderly review-grounds for

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long, straight lines of corn and barley and oats, all bowing to the old master as he appeared at the top of the hill, his hat off as though in acknowledgment of this salute.

He was at the back of the house, and the great kitchen-garden lying to his left looked just as it did when 'Liza tended the flower borders, and walked amid the green peas, her basket on her arm. And there, scattered over the field across the road, were the cows!

He was nearing the front of the house now, his head bowed, and no smile on his lips—an exile come back to the spot which held the memories of forty happy years.

He did not know he was watched as he stood there in pathetic silence looking about him. But when he glanced toward the porch he saw, sitting in 'Liza's arm-chair, a slender, girlish figure; and beside her, on his own corner bench, was a young man. As Father Dickerson came forward to the foot of the steps they both rose, the young woman saying gently, "How do you do, sir?" But he who had been master here for so long now stood irresolute, finding nothing to answer at first, and fumbling with his cane in silence. At last he said, "I just came back to have a look at the old place."

The young woman turned a puzzled face toward her husband, and then looked back at the strange visitor. He answered her unspoken question with quiet dignity.

"I am old Mr. Dickerson," he said.

The dark eyes bent upon him widened and then filled with sudden tears. In another moment the new mistress of the farm was leading her guest up the steps and toward the bench in the corner, her voice, with its tender vibrations, making him welcome every step of the way.

"And you are Mr. Dickerson! We have spoken of you so often. This is my husband, Mr. Haines. How tired you must be! Sit down here, and I will bring you some cold water; then you must come in and rest yourself before dinner." The young woman's eyes, moist yet from that sudden uprising of tears, looked into the wrinkled old face as though it were the face of a father. She released the hand she held only when her guest sank down on the bench. Then, leaving him with her husband, she went into the house, soon reappearing with the water. She filled the glass and handed it to him, saying, "We think it the best in the world."

"'Liza and I always said so," he answered, draining the glass.

"And now would you not like to come up stairs?" As Mrs. Haines made the suggestion there was a gentle hesitancy in her voice. She was asking herself the question which all impulsive, generous natures must needs ask so often, "Was it best, after all?".

Father Dickerson rose and followed her until he stood at the door of his own room. This Mrs. Haines opened for him and then fell back, busying her eyes with the pattern of the old carpet strip which ran through the hall. But the silence led her to look up soon. The old man had taken but one step forward, and then stood quite still, looking about him. The room was just as he had left it!

When his young hostess glanced up, Father Dickerson turned toward her and laid a trembling hand on her arm. "You're a good child," he said, and his voice quavered pitifully. "I reckon you've got an old father yourself, somewheres."

"He died last year," she answered, softly. "I thought you might come back some day."

Father Dickerson, left alone in his old room, went slowly from one familiar object to another. The stuffed owl still kept guard over the great chest of drawers opposite the door, and he smoothed its plumage gently. Resting on the chest and the mantle-shelf, stuck into every available corner, and even nailed to the walls here and there, were the branches and twigs he had cut when the nests they bore were deserted. Not one cunning little home was missing from its place. And the curious fossils, the Indian arrowheads and tomahawks, the minerals and stones—the result of forty years' collecting—were all in place on their shelves, while each corner still boasted its stack of cat-tails. His daughter-in-law had said she couldn't have her house cluttered up with such things, and Father Dickerson had not realized at the time what all these treasured possessions meant to him. Now he knew, and suddenly there was revealed to him the emptiness of his life since he left the old home—worse than this, the emptiness that awaited him! He sat down on the bed and bowed his gray head over its worn footboard. He thought of an old tree he had once tried to transplant. It had failed to take root in the new soil, withering and drooping until it died.

When Father Dickerson came down stairs

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again, he followed the sound of voices and found himself in the dining-room. Mrs. Haines was leaning over her husband's chair, one hand resting on his shoulder. Her face was full of tender yet cheery solicitude.

"But you have been working too hard, dear. Two whole hours out in the hot sun without resting!" She shook her head at him, smiling, and ran her fingers through his fair hair. Then she glanced up and saw the venerable figure standing in the doorway. The sudden color swept over her face, but her manner did not lose its winning cordiality, nor her smile its warmth. "I was just lecturing my husband. He has been very bad."

"I'm afraid Mr. Dickerson will think we are queer farmers if he heard you taking me to task for working two hours in the sun," Mr. Haines answered, laughing; but he looked very wan, despite his coat of tan, and coughed restlessly. The old man looked at the two thoughtfully before answering. He could not deny that they were queer-looking farmers. The husband, pale and weary after two hours' work; the wife, in her trim shirt-waist and high linen collar, with her small hands and delicately banded hair, looking more like a summer boarder at the farm than its mistress. There was something about them both—an effect made up of many small details—which stamped them as city-bred. But the visitor did not feel in a critical mood toward these two. The man tried not to show his weariness, and the look in the wife's eyes was the same look which had comforted Father Dickerson and made him feel at home in the old place. So he answered very gently, "You don't seem just like farmer folk, bred and born. I guess you come from the city?"

Mrs. Haines glanced at her husband roguishly. "We can't hide it, Steve; there's no use trying." They both laughed, and the wife, with that deep vibration in her voice which would betray her emotion, continued: "You see, Mr. Dickerson, my husband needs out-of-door life. The doctor said he ought not to sit over a desk all day, so he gave up his work in town, and we decided to turn farmers. And we like it very much, but we are *so* ignorant! Why, we have to read up everything in books!" They all laughed together at this.

"Luckily, we have a pretty good man to help us," young Haines said, cheerfully. "Still, I think we should often differ from him if we knew enough to dare!"

"One of my college friends came out to visit us," Mrs. Haines continued, "and she did nothing but poke fun at me. But I can make good butter now, and I am really proud of my dairy. You shall see it after dinner."

"Everything seems to be doing real well, fur's I can see," Mr. Dickerson remarked, benevolently.

"But we've only undertaken a part of the farm this year," Mr. Haines explained; "the part nearest us. I'm afraid you'd be shocked to know how much we just had to leave alone."

Father Dickerson's mind was on the great clover piece, and he nodded appreciatively. "You don't want to work too hard," was what he said, however.

"Oh, I'll be equal to it all next year," the young man declared, eagerly. "When we've finished dinner you must go all over the place with me. I've got a hundred things to ask your advice about, and I must learn all I can while we have you here. We often wonder how you used to do things, and have quite lively disputes on the subject."

The old man's heart was in a glow. He could really be of use to these young people then. He felt more vigorous than he had for months—less like an old, worn-out tool, laid aside to rust. He was eager to start out on his tour of inspection, but it did not seem to occur to the young man to go until his wife could join them.

It was a golden afternoon for the old master of the farm, and he felt like an exile welcomed home again. From all the happy memories which thronged the place the sting of change was taken away by the unaffected pleasure of the young people in his company. But best of all was the eager way in which they asked his advice upon each point of management, the delight they took in his approbation, and the regret they expressed over every neglected bit of farm land.

"If we could only have you here with us, we should get along famously," young Haines said, with a little sigh, as they sat down on the porch again; and his wife assented eagerly, with that same daughterly light in her eyes which had warmed the old man's heart from the first. The look on his face grew brighter. He wasn't such an old fellow, after all—not he!

There was a rumble of wheels on the road, and a light wagon came in sight. On the front seat sat a man, and behind him were a woman and a little girl. The horse turned in

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at the gate, and the three on the piazza all leaned forward to look. Suddenly the face of Father Dickerson grew withered and old, like a brown autumn leaf from which the glowing sunshine passes suddenly.

"They've come to take me back!" he cried, and the sound of his voice was like a wail. His entertainers looked at him anxiously.

"I can't go back there," he went on, with sudden tense energy. "Let me be your hired man. I'll work hard. You won't be sorry you kep' me—" The horse drew up at the door, and the woman, looking toward the porch, called out sharply, "Well, I declare!" while the man, in a voice expressive of great relief, exclaimed, "So there you be, father! Well, well!"

Mr. Haines came to the side of the wagon and offered his hand to the woman, who had risen from her seat. Then he lifted Arabella out, and she ran straight to her grandfather, hiding her face against his shoulder. She had divined his distress, and her guilt was greater than she could bear. For she had told them where he was. She had held out as long as she could, but when her mother asked, "Didn't your grandpa say a word about going away anywhere?" she had answered, white with distress, "He said he was going to the farm some day." Oh, that old sad choice between loyalty and truth!

The old man put his arm about the child and stood up, looking pitifully from his daughter-in-law to the young mistress of the farm.

"You put us in a terrible way, father, going off so without a word. If it hadn't been for Arabella I don't know as we should have thought of coming here, either." And the little girl shrank within her grandpa's encircling arm, her cheeks burning. Would he ever forgive her?

The eyes of the old man dropped before his daughter-in-law's accusing look. "It *warn't* right," he murmured. "I didn't look to put you to any trouble. It just came over me to have a look at the old place, and I couldn't help coming. And I wasn't aware of how the time was a-passing."

The son, having tied the horse, now joined the group on the porch. Laughing heartily, he grasped his father's hand in his own. "It's all right, father, so long as we've found you safe and sound! He'd got on a hankering for the old place, I guess," he went on, addressing Mrs. Haines, with a confidential look and nod. "But Arabella, here, knew a thing or two about her old grandad, didn't you—eh?" He pulled the little girl's face around, and saw that it was tear-stained. "Well, well, it's all right! And we're much obliged to these good folks for giving you a pleasant visit at the old place. Just let us know when you're coming again, that's all. And now we must all get home. Come, father, say good-by, and let's be off."

The old man's appealing eyes were on Mrs. Haines's face. His lips trembled as though he would speak, but no sound came.

"Yes, come along, father," urged the daughter-in-law, nervously.

A little silence fell, and it was broken by the low, clear voice of Mrs. Haines. "Mr. Dickerson has been very kind," she said, and her direct glance rested first on the son and then on his wife. "He sees that we are quite inexperienced and need his help. If you can spare him, he has promised to stay with us."

And Jim's wife exclaimed, "Well, I declare! Who ever heard of such foolishness!" But Arabella, lifting her head gladly, wondered as she looked at her grandfather. The withered, drawn face was aglow, like an autumn leaf upon which the sun shines out again.

When it was time for the fall plowing, the bobolink meadow had changed its June glory of daisies and clover for a brilliant mantle of goldenrod and purple aster. And the bobolinks had put aside their plumage of cream and black for somber suits of brownish buff, which changed them strangely.

The plow which was startling these birds in their quiet haunts, and slowly converting the glory of purple and gold into long brown furrows of earth, was driven by an old man who found it hard to keep straight lines and answer, at the same time, all the questions propounded by the little girl at his side.

"Where are the bobolinks gone, grandpa?"

"Flyin' all around us, Arabella. Can't you see 'em?" He chuckled appreciatively.

"Oh, those aren't bobolinks!"

"That's just like a gal; judgin' folks by their clothes."

But when the child understood, she declared she would come to the farm hereafter in June. For bobolinks, unlike men, look best in their Sunday black and white, and beneath the scented clover-heads are hidden the cunning homes which are but empty ruins in the time of the goldenrod and aster.

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Books and Authors

A Portrait Gallery [1]

Though Shakespeare affirmed that

There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face,

yet do we all take keen pleasure in tracing character, tendency, and bent of genius in the faces of the famous. In this "Gallery" we have a wide range of men and women of great achievement in many different worlds—those of war, politics, government, discovery, literature, painting, the drama, music, journalism, philanthropy, and science. A selection broad enough to include Madame Pompadour and Paderewski, Carlyle and Grover Cleveland, Andrew Lang and Leo XIII., Savonarola and Frank Stockton, is certainly comprehensive in its plan. Most readers know that for many years the "Century Magazine" has given special attention to the reproduction of fine portraits; the hundred here collected are largely from paintings by famous artists, or from drawings, etchings, and crayon pictures. They have been engraved by the best American wood-engravers (and this means the best in the world)—Thomas Cole, T. Johnson, Muller, Closson, and others. They are printed with the greatest care on heavy paper with ample margins, and are gathered into a tastefully designed portfolio. In short, the collection has been made on art principles, and all the details have been carried out artistically.

In looking over these portraits one is struck by the fact that, while of course many of the subjects in themselves are as familiar as possible, the particular portraits here given are not; most of them have something striking in the circumstances under which they were made, a novelty of treatment, the bringing to light of a little-known original, a specially artistic pose, or some other distinctive and individual quality. Among others we may particularly note Mr. Cole's rendering of Wyatt Eaton's drawings of Holmes and Bryant, and of the portraits of Henry James and Emerson; Mr. Johnson's of daguerreotypes of Daniel Webster and Washington Irving; Kenyon Cox's drawing of Augustus St. Gaudens; Mr. Closson's of Jenny Lind; and the reproduction of the photographs of Burroughs, Daudet, Herschel, Julia Ward Howe, Florence Nightingale, Eleanor Duse, and Peter Cooper. The great variety of pose and artistic treatment imparts a singular and growing fascination as one turns these portraits over one by one. In the aggregate they form a worthy memorial of the men and women, living and dead, whom they bring to mind.

[1] *The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits.* The Century Company, New York.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending October 15. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

It is not often that we have a writer's own criticism of his work. In the "Vailima Letters" the late Robert Louis Stevenson spoke so freely and sincerely of the romance upon which he was last at work, *St. Ives*, that his own words form its best review—allowing, however, for a little whimsical self-depreciation, and for the wearied state of mind and body of the author. Mr. Stevenson wrote: "It is merely a story of adventure, rambling along; but that is, perhaps, 'the guard that sets my genius best,' as Alan might have said." And again: "It is a mere tissue of adventures: the central figure not very well or very sharply drawn; no philosophy, no destiny, to it; some of the happenings very good in themselves, I believe, but none of them *bildende*, none of them constructive, except in so far perhaps as they make up a kind of sham picture of the time, all in italics, and all out of drawing. Here and there, I think, it is well written; and here and there it's not. Some of the episodic characters are amusing, I do believe; others not, I suppose. However, they are the best of the thing such as it is. If it has a merit to it, I should say it was a sort of deliberation and swing to the style, which seems to me to suit the mail-coaches and post-chaises with which it sounds all through." Once more, he says: "'St. Ives' will (to my mind) not be wholly bad. It is written in rather a funny style; a little stilted and left-handed; the style of 'St. Ives;' also, to some extent, the style of R. L. S. dictating. 'St. Ives' is unintellectual, and, except as an adventure novel, dull. But the adventures seem to me sound and pretty

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probable; and it is a love story. Speed his wings!" Mr. Quiller-Couch has completed the story, left unfinished by Mr. Stevenson, with adroitness; the episode of the ship-master is particularly dramatic and effective; Mr. Quiller-Couch's chief fault is a tendency to make farcical what Mr. Stevenson meant to be only light. The novel has no such depth of character-creation as had the author's other posthumous work, "Weir of Hermiston;" on the other hand, it has a touch-and-go spirit which never flags or lets the reader feel bored. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

To Mr. Benjamin Swift as a writer might well be applied the title of his new story, *The Tormentor*. One feels that there is power and passion in the man, but he does his best to perplex, alienate, and often disgust his reader. Mr. Barrie and others find in him a writer of great promise—we wish he would promise to abjure his affectation, mannered style or lack of style, imitation of Mr. Meredith, frequent coarseness (in this respect "The Tormentor" is an improvement on "Nancy Noon," but still offends seriously), psychological owlishness, rhetorical incoherence, and slipshod literary methods. Of this last a minor illustration is seen in the fact that when he wants to indicate that a character is of the lower class he begins to spell "you" *yoo*, "my" *mi*, "fathers" *foothers*, and the like, apparently under the impression that he is writing some kind of dialect. No doubt the leading character of this book is a villain of marvelous intellectual depravity, and a distinct creation, but he is so repellent that the average reader not only hates him, but hates the record of his existence, and thus finishes the book with strong regret that he ever began it. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, in *Taken by Siege*, presents some interesting and picturesque sketches of newspaper and operatic life in the New York of a decade or so ago. The tragic episodes of the story seem to us its least successful part. In general, the style is pleasant and the interest well sustained. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) ——*Up the Matterhorn in a Boat*, by Mrs. Marion Manville Pope, is a droll bit of extravaganza in which a marvelous flying machine plays the leading part. (The Century Company, New York.)——Sir Walter Besant's *A Fountain Sealed* is a love story of the time of George III., true and delightful in its flavor, but rather too sleepily slow in its execution. The monarch himself is made the hero of a curious personal experience. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

The seven short stories from the hand of Mr. Robert Herrick, which make their appearance in a pretty volume in the Ivory Series under the title *Literary Love-Letters and Other Stories*, show distinct feeling for literature and a good deal of psychological insight. Such a story, for instance, as "A Question in Art" discloses story-telling power of an unmistakable kind. It is a kind not likely to be popular, however, because it sounds what might be called the minor tones of life, and because it depends for its interest on certain delicate adjustments rather than on broad effects. This volume will, however, arrest the attention, and that is a good deal to say of so small a book. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Miss Anna Fuller's *Pratt Portraits* make their appearance this autumn in what may be called a holiday form; for the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, have printed them in an attractive volume. Mr. George Sloane has succeeded in infusing an old-fashioned aspect and atmosphere into the various New England figures whose characters Miss Fuller has drawn with so skillful and engaging a hand.

To write about Bohemia with interest and freshness one must believe in it and have a touch of audacity and genius. Messrs. L. H. Bickford and R. S. Powell, the authors of *Phyllis in Bohemia* (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago), do not believe in Bohemia, and are not able to bring any great amount of inventiveness to their description of it. The escapade of the young man and woman which is described in this very prettily made book is innocent, but it is uninteresting, and in a country like Bohemia, where one has usually to suspend judgment on questions of morals, one ought at least to be entertained. The publishers have done all they could to help out the authors, but the task has been too heavy even for their skill.

In *The Fall of the Sparrow* the story is dramatic, the action quick. There is the play of moral weakness and strength in each character. The end is moral victory. The author is M. C. Balfour. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)——The need of economy rarely works out, even in books, more delightful results than in *Rich Enough*, by Leigh Webster. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) The removal

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from the city to the country is the beginning of all the good things and pleasant things, and also the beginning of the development of character in every member of the family, though the change was made because they could no longer support their social position in the city. The story has a healthy tone.——"Pansy," as a writer of children's stories, is well known. She has also made excursions in the field of fiction for adults, her last being *Overruled*. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.) This is the story of a group of friends. There are three separate love episodes, kept rather as a background to the showing of the influence of strong natures over weak; and, as the title indicates, moral victory comes to those who have been tested as well as those who have fallen.

Mrs. Catherwood was fitted both by her natural gifts and her training to deal successfully with the career of Jeanne d'Arc. She is in profound sympathy with the French temperament and character. She has delineated both with great skill. She has the warmth of style essential to the portraiture of the romantic career whenever it is illustrated in the life of a Frenchman. Her rendering of the story of Jeanne d'Arc puts the reader into the spirit of the age of the great French heroine. Her conception of the character is likely to be much nearer the truth than that of many of the historians and novelists who have attempted to deal with it, since she creates, not a military heroine, but a shrinking, sensitive, devoted young girl who is possessed by a great idea and inspired by profound religious enthusiasm. Her interpretation is based on long and patient study of original materials; she has traveled over the path along which the Maid journeyed; she has looked the fifteenth century in the face, through documents, buildings, traditions; and her story, which bears the title of *The Days of Jeanne d'Arc*, has not only a great deal of dramatic interest and very genuine pathos, but great picturesque effectiveness. (The Century Company, New York.)

The Century Company have put into their dainty Thumb-nail Series Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, in which the world is coming to believe once more after having given it the cold shoulder for a decade or two; and Cicero's famous essay on Friendship, *De Amicitia*—two books as far apart as possible in idea and execution, and yet both masterpieces of their kind. Nothing daintier or more tasteful in the way of miniature books appears than the volumes in this series.

ART AND TRAVEL

What one likes best of all in Mr. John La Farge's *An Artist's Letters from Japan* is that he keeps his feet solidly on the ground. He does not, as do some writers who are under the fascination of Oriental life, float off into the vague, the superlative, the rhapsodical. Here we have an artist of a high rank, thoroughly imbued with the artistic and imaginative temperament, who gives us clearly the fruits of his observation, reasons from fact to theory clearly and logically, thinks himself and sets us thinking. Nowhere else can be found such full knowledge of Japanese art, architecture, and technical workmanship, yet there is nothing dull or encyclopædic about the letters. Mr. La Farge looks for the meaning of everything; he finds the causes of Japanese methods in the Japanese character, and seeks the significance of results in history and the personal life. The reproductions of Mr. La Farge's beautiful paintings are finely done, and in all externals the book is worthy of very high praise. (The Century Company, New York.)

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have added to their uniform edition of H. A. Taine's Works his *Journeys Through France*. M. Taine was never more at his ease as a writer or freer from the pressure of his theory of historical philosophy than when journeying from one little town to another, looking here and there at a picture or a church, talking everywhere with peasants, innkeepers, priests, and wayfarers. Like his "Journeys in the Pyrenees," though in a less degree, this record of experience and observation is both restful and entertaining.

On the Indian Trail has a double interest—that of travel and adventure in wild regions, and that of a record of missionary work among Indians. Mr. Egerton R. Young, the author, has spent much time among the Cree and Saulteaux tribes in the Hudson Bay Territory, and he tells many things well worth reading about Indian life and character, as well as about the urgent need of Christian effort among them. His story abounds in incident and adventure. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

A charming and interesting traveler's tale of *The Italy of To-Day* has been written by a Frenchman, René Bazin, translated by William Marchant. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

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The home life, the industrial question, the politics, and the statesmen of the Italy of today are presented graphically and sympathetically. The Italy of the past and the forces that have made the nation of the present are concisely brought into view from the standpoint of a traveler who goes, not to confirm his impressions, but to learn what another country and people can teach him, and through him the audience he attempts to reach. The American in Italy will find this book a valuable help to an understanding of the people of this land of the sun.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The delightful series "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," issued by Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), has been enriched by the addition of *Catherine Schuyler*, by Mary Gay Humphreys. The woman, the time, and the place in which Catherine Schuyler spent her life, alike contribute to the success which the writer of this volume of this most valuable series has achieved. The life of the community of Albany and the region about at that time is described with rare sympathy and picturesqueness. The contrast between the women of New York, New England, the South, and the Dutch women of Albany as Catherine Schuyler grew up, the history of influences that brought about the differences, make this volume most valuable to the student of history. Pen-portraits of the notable women whose influence helped to mold Catherine Schuyler, and of the companions of her childhood and maturity, intensify the interest and the value. The book is not only a portrait of Catherine Schuyler, but of her distinguished husband, Philip Schuyler. The women of this period were certainly not idle. The demands on their time, intelligence, sympathies, and executive abilities exceeded the demands of the present time. Philip Schuyler returned from the battle of Lake George to marry Catherine Van Rensselaer, leaving at the end of a week for the seat of war, having put his prisoner, Baron Dieskau, under the gracious care of his wife, then twenty years old, and of his mother. The Baron has left a record of how well and faithfully they ministered to his needs.

Men I Have Known, by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York), is, of course, an entertaining volume. Dean Farrar has had a large acquaintance, and always writes in an interesting fashion. The book is, in a sense, gossipy, and yet we think it justifies the statement which he makes of himself that "no one would more absolutely disdain than myself the ignoble chatter of mere petty gossip, and, above all, of anything resembling that small, malign detraction which seems to have a strong attraction for mean minds." He treats in separate papers Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Professor Maurice, and Dean Stanley, and in other chapters various groups—a group of scientists, a group of eminent Americans, a group of bishops and cardinals, etc. This is not a volume of biographies, nor scarcely even of portraits, but a collection of anecdotes and personal reminiscences. It is entertaining rather than of serious value.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have followed their very handsome edition of Vasari's *Lives of Seventy of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* by a less expensive edition in four volumes, edited and annotated in the light of recent discoveries by the well-known artists E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, and by A. A. Hopkins. The books are substantially made, without illustration, and the set is issued at eight dollars.

Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy, by Henry Alexander White, Professor of History in Washington and Lee University, is full of life and purpose—the life springing from the author's love for his hero, and the purpose springing from his intense desire that justice shall be done to those who supported the lost cause. It is not the history of the war that we should commend to Southern readers, but it is a history of the war which we should most heartily commend to those in the North. It will make them comprehend how the issues of the war looked to patriotic and conscientious men on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Two Studies in the History of Doctrine, by Benjamin B. Warfield (The Christian Literature Company, New York), are reprinted from previous publications. One of them deals with Augustine and the Pelagian Controversy; the other gives the history of the Development of the Doctrine of Infant Salvation. It is perhaps needless to say that both topics are treated from the Princeton or Calvinistic point of view. Respecting the latter doctrine, the author apparently halts between the belief that only elect infants are

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saved and the belief that all those who die in infancy are saved.

To the Modern Reader's Bible Professor Richard G. Moulton has added *Select Masterpieces of Biblical Literature*, a series of selections from the Stories of the Bible, the Orations of the Bible, the Wisdom Books, Lyrics, and what Professor Moulton calls Rhapsody. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Baptist Principle in Application to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, by William Cleaver Wilkinson, D.D. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia), is a new and enlarged edition of a former work, the object of which is to defend the doctrine that immersion of the adult, upon the confession of his own faith, is a necessary act of obedience to Christ, and therefore a necessary condition of membership in the church and of admission to the communion. Probably this is as good a volume as one can find to give him the denominational view of the American Baptist upon this general question. The radicalism of it is fairly expressed by the statement that Christ puts repentance and baptism together; that "if repenting must precede the Lord's Supper, being baptized likewise must, as well;" and that, therefore, it is as illegitimate to receive unimmersed sinners as unrepentant sinners to the Lord's table.

The object of *The Providential Order of the World*, by Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is to show not only that there is a God, but that there is a Providence. Starting with "Man's Place in the Universe," as at the head of creation, the author proceeds therefrom to deduce certain conclusions respecting the relation of God to man. These are such as that God is also a Providence, and has to do with human affairs; that he is "a power making for righteousness;" that he is seen both in history and in the individual life; and that something may be known concerning the general laws of his working, and the methods which he employs for the accomplishment of his ends, chief among which the author enumerates election, or God's choice of races, nations, and individuals for special service; solidarity, or the union of men in families, brotherhoods, nationalities; and sacrifice, or service of the lower through the suffering of the higher.

Joseph Henry Crooker's *The Growth of Christianity* (Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Chicago) is a very brief history compiled for use as a Sunday-school manual, whose point of view is that of radical Unitarianism. The paper and typography are unworthy the present time.

The Growth of the Kingdom of God, by S. L. Gulick, Missionary of the American Board in Japan (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), may be divided into two equal parts: the first, an account of the statistical growth of the Church, or its growth in size or numbers; the second, its growth in spirit, practice, and influence. The author well defines his object in a sentence in the preface: "In general, the book may be called an apologetic for Christianity based on the view of its varied forms of growth—growth in numbers, in understanding, in practice, and in influence." It would be a good book to lend to pessimists who think that Christianity is a decaying religion, and not without value, either, to a certain class of conservatives who think that it is a stationary one. The book does not deal with the intellectual growth of Christianity or the changes in doctrine.

The *Harmony of the Acts of the Apostles, and Chronological Arrangement of the Epistles and Revelation, with Chronological and Explanatory Notes*, by George W. Clark, D.D. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia), is a new and revised edition of a work originally published twelve years ago. It does not seem to us of equal importance or of equal value with the "Harmony of the Gospels" prepared by the same author, but it will be found a useful aid to the study of the life and epistles of Paul in the Sunday-school.——*The Facts of the Moral Life*, by Wilhelm Wundt, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Leipzig (The Macmillan Company, New York), we reserve for future notice. Professor Wundt's "Ethics," from which this volume is taken, is well known to the students of German philosophy.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

This Country of Ours, by Benjamin Harrison, is in the main a reprint of the ex-President's articles in the "Ladies' Home Journal" on the machinery of the National Government. It is almost needless to say that the style is as lucid as the information is ample. In general, ex-President Harrison favors a liberal interpretation of the Constitution, so as not to fetter the free action of the constituted authorities in our own age. He ex-

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pressly indorses the new interpretation of the Constitution under which President Cleveland sent troops to Chicago during the great strikes, and reports without comment the decision of the Supreme Court against the income tax. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Study of City Government, by Delos F. Wilcox, is a well-systematized digest of information regarding the functions of municipal government, and the manner of their exercise in this country and in Europe. In the main, Dr. Wilcox keeps his own views in the background, and his volume, partly on that account, is not nearly so inspiriting as are those of Dr. Shaw. But where Dr. Wilcox does express his own views—as where he criticises the present tendency to concentrate power of every sort in one hand and seek good government by relieving all citizens save one of responsibility—he shows a mental strength which gives promise of better work in the future. His fundamental conception that the best form of government is that which shall "strengthen and not weaken the political capacity of the people" seems to us the most enlightening one possible in considering the municipal problems of to-day. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

LITERATURE

The latest additions to the Temple Dramatists are Sheridan's *Critic*, with its never-failing satire and irony, and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, probably the foremost of the English pastoral dramas. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Epic of Hades is the best known of Sir Lewis Morris's works, and is an attractive retelling of some of the most interesting of the Greek stories and myths. While it cannot be said to be in any respect a great poem, it is not without skill and interest. It has been issued in a very pretty form by T. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York), who have illustrated it, printed it well and tastefully, introduced a photogravure of the author, and given the volume a highly decorative cover.

The second series of Professor Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* begins with Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and ends with the name of Lord Tennyson. Matthew Arnold, the Brownings, Jean Ingelow, Landor, the two Rossettis, and Tennyson are the chief contributors. It is notable that the name of the present Laureate does not appear in this list, and that neither William Morris nor Swinburne is to be found in it. The volume will have fuller notice. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

EDUCATION AND TEXT-BOOKS

Mr. M. S. Getchell, of the Somerville (Massachusetts) English High School, has prepared for high schools a carefully and intelligently arranged programme for *The Study of Mediæval History by the Library Method*. A long list of books of reference is given, mediæval history is divided along broad lines and then subdivided, a list of rulers of the different countries chronologically arranged is presented, and there is a note on the historical literature of the subject. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Dr. Louis Waldstein's *Subconscious Self* is a book of prime importance for all who have to do with the education of children, or, for that matter, for all who are interested in securing a proper knowledge of their own personalities. It deals with the question of the subconscious self, with special reference to education and health; but as health and education cover a very large part of the normal interests and activities of life, the volume relates itself to what is most individual and important in living. It will receive more extended notice at an early date. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Fighting a Fire, by Charles T. Hill, tells with intimate knowledge, with notably good illustration, and with dramatic narrative skill, the facts about the practical working of the New York Fire Department. Mr. Hill has studied his subject closely; he has "run with the machine," has lived in the station-houses, has seen accidents and rescues. In short, he understands the mechanical side of the work, the organization of the department, and the dangers, hardships, and heroism of the fireman's life. Boys will like this book mightily. (The Century Company, New York.)——The Lothrop Publishing Company sends us Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks's *True Story of U. S. Grant*. We do not admire the taste of the cover, nor do we find the illustration always of a superior order. Mr. Brooks has done his part of the work acceptably; the salient traits and important events of Grant's life are well marshaled to form a clear, readable story.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis finds capital story-material in the New Mexican life which he has studied so thoroughly. *The King of the*

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Broncos and the other tales published with it have plenty of go and incident, and there is much that may be learned from them about Spanish-American semi-civilization. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——A volume of stories and legends about South America has been prepared by Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, who has studied his subject on the spot. These are combined with historical and geographical information in a single general narrative called *Over the Andes*. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)——*The Resolute Mr. Pansy* is a school story by John Trowbridge. The teacher's knowledge of electrical mechanics is used to interest the boys and infuse a wholesome spirit into their life. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)——Another school story from the same publishers is *The Little Red Schoolhouse*, by Evelyn Raymond. It is amusing, but is too wordy.

The story of *Miss Nina Barrow*, by Francis Courtenay Baylor (Century Company, New York), will be an old friend in a new and pretty dress to the readers of "St. Nicholas." It is the story of an unfortunate, over-indulged rich child. The loss of wealth which compels Nina when a young girl to think of the future and face the question of self-support rounds out a character which is charming and lovable and helpful. The story unfolds many lessons that young readers will learn, without preaching or pointing morals.

Two of the Rollo Books have been issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York) in dainty bindings—*Rollo at Play* and *Rollo at Work*. The chintz dress of these volumes is quite unlike that of the books which were familiar to boys and girls of the generation for whom Jacob Abbott wrote.

A delightful collection of verse for little children, exquisitely illustrated, has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York). The verse is by Hamish Hendry, the illustration by Alice B. Woodward. Both artist and writer show a sympathy with the moods and feelings of childhood.——*Round the Year in Myth and Song* contains selected poems on the seasons by the masters of the art of poetry, and myths simply told by Florence Holbrook. (The American Book Company, New York.) The book is illustrated by photographs of the best pictures and sculpture representing the seasons and the myths.——*Gems of School Song*, by Carl Betz (same publishers), is a good collection of songs, many of them by Mozart, Beethoven, Blum, Abt, and Mendelssohn. The songs are arranged topically.

The Pilgrim Press (Boston) has just issued four books of the same general character, written to inculcate, more or less evidently, the fact that evil is punished and good rewarded. *Dan Drummond of the Drummonds*, by Gulielma Zollinger, is the story of an orphan boy, a bootblack, who believes that one bearing his name should be something more than a bootblack. He makes friends and succeeds. A rich grandfather finds him, and the struggle is over. *The Benhurst Club*, by Howe Benning, is a history of what a club of girls of wealth did for those who worked for their living. It is distinctively religious. *The Young Capitalist*, by Linnie S. Harris, is the story of a group of school boys and girls through the last years of school life, and the final settling of the young capitalist and his young wife, a schoolmate, in the town where the tragedy of the story takes place. This story is also a distinctively religious story, with a slight glance at the labor problem. The young capitalist acts as timekeeper in his own mills, the former owners alone knowing his real relation. *Called to the Front*, by Willis Boyd Allen, is a story of Revolutionary times; it is a sequel to "A Son of Liberty."

Ellen Douglass Deland has written a bright, helpful story in *A Successful Venture*. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.) Four sisters and a brother, left with very little money, face the fact cheerfully, and start out to support themselves, and, as the title indicates, succeed.

It is a great pity that the author of *Nan in the City*, Myra Sawyer Hamlin (Roberts Brothers, Boston), did not know New York and Brooklyn better before she wrote her book. If she had known New York better, she would have known that the University Settlement is in the Hebrew quarter of the city, and not the Italian; and she would not have referred to a girls' school, founded in Brooklyn forty years ago to make possible higher education to poor girls, as a fashionable school. Probably no people would be more highly amused by that classification than the graduates of that school who can be found in all the professions open to women and in every walk of life which necessitates thorough training.

A bright story in which children and animals play an equal part has been written by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, entitled *Torpeanuts the Tomboy*. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

The Knights of the Round Table is the

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continuation of a series by Mr. William Henry Frost which was begun by "The Court of King Arthur" and continued in "The Wagner Story Book." Mr. Frost, therefore, brings a skilled hand to the task of putting into new form the stories of King Arthur and the Holy Grail. There are no stories in the early history of the English-speaking race which are of more value to the imagination of children, and no stories which they ought to know more thoroughly. In the form in which they are presented by Mr. Frost the child is asked to do nothing except give his attention. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Messrs. Roberts Brothers (Boston) have made a small flat quarto in paper of Mrs. Jackson's *Procession of Flowers in Colorado*, a very characteristic and fresh bit of writing by one who knew those flowers well, and loved them as she knew them. This little volume belongs to the Colorado Series.

Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson has made a selection of *Short Sayings of Famous Men*, which she presents in two small but handsomely made volumes under such subdivisions as Wisdom, Proverbs, Wit and Humor, Epigram and Epitaph, Philosophy and Sentiment. These little books belong to a class which are of eminent utility to those who like to have the suggestion of a fresh and incisive thought always at hand. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development, by Professor James Mark Baldwin, of Princeton, is a continuation of the author's studies embodied in his "Mental Development in the Child and the Race." In his study of social psychology Professor Baldwin follows mainly what he calls the Psychogenetic method, which "inquires into the psychological development of the human individual in the earlier stages of his growth for light upon his social nature, and also upon the social organization in which he bears a part." The author has so constructed the present volume that it may be used in university work on psychology and social science. Several of its chapters, written with reference to a question set by the Royal Academy of Denmark, were crowned with the gold medal by that association. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Roger Williams Calendar, the selections for which have been made by John Osborne Austin, is appropriately dedicated "to all who grant 'permission of differing consciences.'" In view of the recent agitation in Rhode Island, the publication is peculiarly timely; and in view of the greatness of Roger Williams's contributions to the establishment of liberty of thought, the book has permanent value. Only in matters towards which we are indifferent have most of us attained the large-hearted charity which Roger Williams manifested upon matters of supreme concern. (Providence, Rhode Island.)

The author of "How to be Happy Though Married" has a ready wit, and knows how to make the best of his subject in a light and agreeable way. In his latest volume, *The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men* (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), he writes a rather alarming preface to the effect that the central question of society in all time must be the union of man and woman, and that this book is a contribution to its elucidation. It is not, however, in any sense a problem book. It is a book of personal interest, with such comments on men, women, and matrimony as might be expected from one who believes in all three and yet likes to bring to the surface whatever fun there is in his subject. Of course the literary people furnish the greater part of the material. Everybody thinks of Dante and Petrarch whenever famous love episodes are discussed; everybody thinks of the Carlyles whenever the uncertainties of married life are brought within the range of talk. Fortunately, men of action appear side by side with men of art in this volume, and it grows upon the reader that preachers and lawyers, soldiers and scientists, sailors and politicians, are quite as uncertain, in their possible developments as husbands, as men of letters. The book is not too serious, and it is immensely entertaining.

Literary Notes

—It is said by an English journal that Mrs. Humphry Ward has made $300,000 by her writings during the last ten years.

—Mr. Hannis Taylor, late United States Minister to Spain, is now completing the book upon which he has been engaged for a long time. The title is to be "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution."

—It is understood that for the poem which is to be written for the first number of "Literature," which is to be issued under the auspices of the London "Times," Rudyard Kipling will be paid $1. a word. It is entitled

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"White Horses," is in ten stanzas of eight lines, and is appropriate for Trafalgar Day, but without a word of politics in it.

—Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is to be put forth as a holiday book with many illustrations by Harry Fenn, a preface by Dr. Henry van Dyke, and a striking cover design. Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert will be its publishers.

—According to the "Westminster Gazette," the reason no biography has ever been written of Mr. Delane, the late editor of the London "Times," is that the proprietors of the "Times" have always forbidden it. Recently a fresh appeal was made to them, but, it is said, without success.

—A prize of five thousand dollars has been offered by King Leopold of Belgium for the best military history of that country from the Roman invasion to the present time. The history may be written in English, French, Flemish, German, Italian, or Spanish, and manuscripts must reach Belgium before January, 1901.

Books Received

For the week ending October 15

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Wilkinson, William C., D.D. The Baptist Principle. $1.25.
Clark, George W., D.D. Harmony of the Acts of the Apostles. $1.25.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Holbrook, Florence. 'Round the Year in Myth and Song. 60 cts.
Gems of School Song. Selected and Edited by Carl Betz. 70 cts.

JOHN OSBORNE AUSTIN, PROVIDENCE

The Roger Williams Calendar.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Hill, Charles T. Fighting a Fire. $1.50.
Eliot, Charles William, LL.D. American Contributions to Civilization, and Other Essays and Addresses. $2.
La Farge, John. An Artist's Letters from Japan. $4.
Pope, Marion M. Up the Matterhorn in a Boat. $1.25.
Baylor, Frances C. Miss Nina Barrow. $1.25.
Catherwood, Mary Hartwell. The Days of Jeanne d'Arc. $1.50.
Cicero, M. Tullius. De Amicitia (On Friendship). Translated by Benjamin E. Smith. $1.
Dickens, Charles. A Christmas Carol. $1.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE CO., NEW YORK

Warfield, Benjamin. Two Studies in the History of Doctrine.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Abbott, Jacob. Rollo at Play. 75 cts.
Abbott, Jacob. Rollo at Work. 75 cts.
Farrar, the Very Rev. F. W., D.D. Men I Have Known. $1.75.
Morris, Lewis. The Epic of Hades. $1.
Van Dyke, Rev. Henry. Ships and Havens. 35 cts.
Saint-Jure, J. B. Of Intercourse with God. 35 cts.
Talmage, Rev. T. De Witt, D.D. Heavenly Recognition. 35 cts.
Channing, William E., D.D. Self-Culture. 35 cts.
Miller, J. R., D.D. By the Still Waters. 35 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Evans, Percy Norton, Ph.D. Quantitative Chemical Analysis.
Getchell, M. S. The Study of Mediæval History by the Library Method.

A. G. HOLLISTER, MOUNT LEBANON, NEW YORK

Hollister, A. G., and C. Green. Pearly Gate. 50 cts. (Part I.)

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Bazin, René. The Italians of To-Day. Translated by William Marchant. $1.25.
Taine, H. A., D.C.L. Journeys Through France. $2.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Kirk, Ellen O. The Revolt of a Daughter. $1.25.
White, Eliza Orne. A Browning Courtship and Other Stories. $1.25.
Pickard, Samuel T. Hawthorne's First Diary. $1.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK

Meyer, F. B. A Vision of the Future. 15 cts.
Drummond, Henry. Joy, Rest, and Faith. 15 cts.
Munger, T. T. Plain Living and High Thinking. 50 cts.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON

Jenks, Edward A. The Spinning-Wheel at Rest. $1.50.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON

"Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Overruled. $1.50.
Brooks, Elbridge S. The True Story of U. S. Grant. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Wilcox, Delos F. The Study of City Government. $1.50.
The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Selected and arranged by Francis T. Palgrave. (Second Series.) $1.
Baldwin, James Mark. Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development. $2.60.
Wundt, Wilhelm. The Facts of the Moral Life. Translated by Julia Gulliver and E. B. Titchener. $2.25.
Fletcher, John. The Faithful Shepherdess. 45 cts.
Select Masterpieces of Biblical Literature. Edited by R. G. Moulton. 50 cts.
Sheridan, R. B. The Critic. 45 cts.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Romanes, George J. Darwin, and After Darwin. Vol. III. $1.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, BOSTON

Zollinger, Gulielma. Dan Drummond.
Allen, Willis Boyd. Called to the Front. $1.25.
Harris, Linnie S. The Young Capitalist. $1.25.
Benning, Howe. The Benhurst Club. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Posterity, Its Verdicts and Its Methods; or, Democracy, A.D. 2100.
Fuller, Anna. Pratt Portraits. $2.
White, Henry Alexander, D.D. Robert E. Lee. $1.50.
Hendry, Hamish. Red Apples and Silver Bells. $2.
Balfour, M. C. The Fall of the Sparrow. $1.
Short Sayings of Famous Men. Edited by Helen K. Johnson. 2 Vols. $2.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Young, Egerton R. On the Indian Trail. $1.
Gulick, Sidney L. The Growth of the Kingdom of God $1.50.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON

Raymond, Evelyn. The Little Red Schoolhouse. $1.25
Webster, Leigh. Rich Enough. $1.25.
Wesselhoeft, Lily F. Torpeanuts the Tomboy. $1.25.
Hamlin, Myra Sawyer. Nan in the City. $1.25.
Trowbridge, John. The Resolute Mr. Pansy. $1.25.
Jackson, Helen. The Procession of Flowers in Colorado 50 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Vasari, Giorgio. Lives of Seventy of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. Edited by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. 4 Vols. $8.
Humphreys, Mary G. Catherine Schuyler. (Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times.) $1.25.
Frost, William H. The Knights of the Round Table. $1.50.
Clark, Imogen. Will Shakespeare's Little Lad. $1.50.
Stevenson, Robert Louis. St. Ives. $1.50.
Bruce, Alexander B., D.D. The Providential Order of the World. $2.
Waldstein, Louis, M.D. The Subconscious Self. $1.25.
Herrick, Robert. Literary Love-Letters and Other Stories. 75 cts.
Lummis, Charles F. The King of the Broncos. $1.25.
Harrison, Benjamin. This Country of Ours. $1.50.
Gilder, Jeannette L. Taken by Siege. $1.25.
Swift, Benjamin. The Tormentor. $1.50.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

Besant, Sir Walter. A Fountain Sealed. $1.50.
The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men. By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married." $1.50.
Gilhooley, Lord. The God of Yutzo of B.C. 763. $1.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO

Embree, Charles F. For the Love of Tonita.
Bickford, L. H., and R. S. Powell. Phyllis in Bohemia.

WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, CHICAGO

Crooker, Joseph H. The Growth of Christianity.

W. A. WILDE & CO., BOSTON

Butterworth, Hezekiah. Over the Andes. $1.50.
Deland, Ellen D. A Successful Venture. $1.50.

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The Religious World

The American Missionary Association

The fifty-first annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, held with the Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, October 19–21 (the first ever held in the Northwest), was marked by its evenness and high spiritual tone. While no startling appeals for aid were made, the work of the Association was so presented as to show the pressing demand that there is for more funds to carry on the growing work. Every cut-down in appropriation means detriment to the work, and discouragement to the faithful workers in the field. Among the "mountain whites" a splendid work has been done, in spite of the overcrowded condition of all the schools, and the abandonment of mission churches from lack of funds. The need of more manual training equipment to encourage thrift and independence was strongly set forth.

In the report of Secretary Ryder he dwelt upon the question of illiteracy among both races in the South. Taking North Carolina—*without the blacks*—for example, he showed it to have a higher percentage of illiterates than Ireland, the most illiterate of any foreign country from which many immigrants come. The paper of Secretary Woodbury upon "Southern Feudalism" showed a wide study of conditions in the South, and the need of more work speedily for mental, moral, and manual improvement of both races. Reports were also received from the Indian and Chinese work, and the whole meeting resounded with the cry of *intrenchment* rather than *retrenchment*. The report of the Committee on Finance showed the total receipts for the year to have been $329,440.04; the total payments, $317,812.56; with a credit balance for the year of $11,627.48. This reduces the debt to $54,945.03. The officers of the Association have reduced their own salaries, making a cut-down of 22 per cent. in the operating expenses, and of 17 per cent. in the appropriations for the field work. The officers for the coming year stand practically as last year, with Merrill E. Gates, LL.D., of Massachusetts, as President. At the closing meeting of the session the principal address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Griffis, of Ithaca, on "The Historic Debt to Other Races." The closing address was made by the President. Much praise was given to the people of Minneapolis for their hospitality, and to the pastor and people of Plymouth Church for the well-organized way the meeting was carried on. No place has been decided upon for the next meeting, but it will probably be in the vicinity of New York. At the closing meeting a resolution was offered by the Rev. Dr. Boynton, of Detroit, providing that no member of the Executive Committee should be eligible for re-election to that office after serving two terms of three years each, until one year had elapsed out of office. The resolution was referred to a committee to investigate and make report at the next annual meeting.

The Disciples' Convention at Indianapolis

The week October 14–22 witnessed at Indianapolis the annual Convention of the Disciples of Christ. The Disciples being purely congregational in church polity, their Convention can have no legislative authority. This gathering was, therefore, simply missionary and educational in nature, and merely advisory in counsel. The Disciples, though one of the youngest churches, have rapidly grown to be a mighty host, now more than a million strong. The Conventions (for they are three in one) represent all the great organized agencies of the Church. They were: (1) The Christian Woman's Board of Missions, October 14–16; (2) the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, October 18–20; and (3) the American Christian Missionary Society, October 20–22, which includes, besides its general missionary work at large, the Boards of Church Extension, Negro Education and Evangelization, Ministerial Relief, Ministerial Education, Christian Endeavor, Sunday-School Work, and Statistical Bureau.

The Women's Board presented one of the best reports in its history. Mrs. O. A. Burgess, the honored President, called special and prayerful attention to famine-stricken India in her annual address. She also commended the early enlargement of the English Bible chair work in connection with secular colleges, and suggested that Bible chairs be established as soon as possible at the Universities of Virginia and Georgia, as now in the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, and that a special effort be made to endow them, that they be permanent. The Society

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does mission work in Mexico, Jamaica, and India, where it sustains twenty-six missionaries, and in many parts of the United States, where the agents on the field number thirty-six. At Ann Arbor, Hazel Green, Ky., and Portland, Ore., it is doing an educational missionary work which is bearing good fruit. The junior work among the children, superintended by Miss Mattie Pounds, is enjoying a large prosperity.

The Foreign Christian Missionary Society which does work in India, China, Japan, Turkey, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, England, and Africa, has in all 103 stations, schools in four and medical missions in five countries. It has 162 names on its pay-rolls, and is sending out new missionaries all the time. The reports show the last to have been the best year in all its history. The total receipts amount to $106,222.10, a gain of $12,354.39 over last year. For several years past the Society has aimed at the $100,000 mark, and as it was reached this year a great thanksgiving service was planned and carried out.

Benjamin L. Smith, Secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society, and the subsecretaries reported a year of progress along all lines of home work. The total missionary offerings of the Disciples amounted to $444,337.53. The Statistical Secretary made this statement: Number of churches, 10,029, a gain of 422 during the year; number of communicants, 1,051,079, a gain of 47,407; number of Sunday-schools, 7,284, a gain of 627; number of scholars and teachers, 670,226, a gain of 36,418; number of ministers, 5,780, a gain of 420; value of church property, $16,586,677, a gain of $781,230. Among the advanced movements was the formation of a Secretaries' Society, which in coming years will meet in a two days' conference before the Convention.

Dr. F. D. Power, of Washington City, was elected President of the Home Society for the new year, and will preside at the '98 Convention to be held at Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Persecution of Dr. John Watson

There have been so many rumors concerning what was to be done in the attempt to prove the Rev. John Watson, D.D. (Ian Maclaren) to be a heretic, that The Outlook has taken pains to get an authoritative statement concerning the facts in the case. Our information is absolutely reliable. The facts are as follows: At first the prosecutor made a mistake in law in his appearance before the Synod. He had before been warned of his error. His petition was thrown out, with a strong disapproval of his course. It is expected that he will now approach the Synod with more care, and will ask the Synod to instruct the Presbytery of which Dr. Watson is a member (which will not move of its own accord) to put Dr. Watson on trial. If the Synod grants the petition, the case would be tried in Liverpool, and then appealed to the Synod of 1899, and thus be spun out for three years in all. It is probable, however, that the Synod will throw out the petition, in which circumstance the case ends in May, 1898. The prosecutor can have little hope of winning, and he, or some of his sympathizers, is flooding the Church with attacks on Dr. Watson, accusing him of being a Unitarian. That charge is absurd, since no preacher of our time has more constantly insisted on the unique character and essential divinity of Jesus Christ. In the midst of the many and absurd charges made against him Dr. Watson continues his work as of old, and never makes any reply to his persecutors. If we may form any opinion of the attitude of the English Presbyterian Church by the throngs that follow Dr. Watson wherever he speaks and the love that is felt for him by the denominational leaders, he need feel little anxiety as to the outcome. The only encouragement that an American can get as he reads the accounts of this whole transaction is in the fact that there are some persons as unwise in the English as in the American Presbyterian Church.

Old Friends with New Faces

As was foreshadowed in these columns about six months ago, "The Kingdom" has reappeared. It is henceforth to be published in Chicago instead of Minneapolis, and it will be devoted chiefly to a discussion of the problems of society from an ethical and Christian standpoint. The Rev. H. W. Gleason will be the editor-in-chief. He will be aided by others as heretofore, chief among whom is President George A. Gates, of Iowa College. The first number of the paper in its new form has as its frontispiece a picture of President Gates. The field which it enters is a large one, and the opportunity of service very great. For many years the organ of the great Christian Endeavor movement has been "The Golden Rule." The name was inherited from the past. A change has been deemed desirable, and henceforward the paper will

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appear under the title of "The Christian Endeavor World." It will aim to be what its name indicates—a true representation of world-wide Christian endeavor.

The Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D.

The Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., pastor of the Queen Street Congregational Church in Wolverhampton, England, and Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, expects to sail from Liverpool on the Teutonic, October 27. He comes to take part in the fiftieth anniversary of the connection of Mr. Beecher with Plymouth Church. Dr. Berry's official position is the highest in Congregational circles in Great Britain, and his relation to the Free Church Congress gives him a place of unsurpassed influence among the Nonconformist churches. No man in the Nonconformist pulpit of England is more prominent than Dr. Berry, and no one has wider influence than he. A preacher of great ability and power, a platform orator perhaps without a superior in England, a natural leader among men, he has won for himself a recognition such as few men in any of the denominations have attained. Our readers may be interested in his programme while he is in this country. He is announced to preach in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, November 7. His sermon in the morning will be, "The Influence of Henry Ward Beecher in Europe as a Preacher and a Theologian." In the evening his subject will be "The Mission of the Church." On the following Sunday, November 14, Dr. Berry will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church in Montclair, N. J., preaching both morning and evening. He will probably repeat his sermon on "The Mission of the Church" in Montclair. On November 21 he will preach in Chicago, and on the 28th in Boston. He has been urged also to preach in Washington on December 5, and Dr. Milburn, the Chaplain of the Senate, has expressed a wish that he might open the session of Congress as chaplain. We do not know whether that plan will be carried out or not. Dr. Berry will come to us immediately after the close of the great meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which are to be held in Birmingham. He will bring to this country not only the greetings of his own denomination, but also those of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Church Federation, which will make him the representative of all the Free Churches of Great Britain. This will be the third or fourth visit of Dr. Berry to the United States. He declined a call to Plymouth Church to remain with his church in Wolverhampton. The Queen Street Church is perhaps the strongest in the city, and one of the strongest in England. It seats about fourteen hundred people, and is always thronged. Dr. Berry is emphatically a friend of the people, and his church leads in all forms of philanthropic work. When he declined the call to Plymouth Church, his people took formal action consenting to his giving a certain amount of time to the fellowship of churches in England, and, so long as his health permitted, his services were in constant demand outside of Wolverhampton. He will receive a most cordial welcome wherever he may go in our country, for he is almost as well known here as in England.

The Stockholm Congress

The first international Religio-Scientific Congress was held at Stockholm, Sweden, from August 31 to September 4. Although of small dimensions—the number of members did not quite reach three hundred—it was a success in more than one sense. By the eminence of some of the men who spoke, and the interest attached to the subjects treated, it will no doubt exercise great influence for some time to come. The Congress was called to order by its President, the Rt. Rev. Gez. von Schéele. Professor Max Müller, who had intended to be present and to speak, was prevented from coming by illness, through which mishap English scientific religious thought was represented only by his paper on "The Historic Study of Religions," read by the Rev. A. Bjorck. Professor Chantepie de la Saussaye, from Amsterdam, read an excellent paper on "Comparative Theology and Religious Faith," in which he showed that religious faith can only gain in strength and purity by the free scientific study that is going on concerning the historical aspect of religion. The Rev. N. Söderblom, from Paris, introduced the subject "Religion and Social Evolution" for discussion in a fine paper in which his final conclusions were: Religion should not belong to any one class of society, or to any one economic programme, or any one social organization. The evolution of social organizations brings to religion the task of accustoming souls to the new situations brought about by development, and to save and guard the morals. When relig-

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ion in its preaching treats of social questions, and tries to build up a social conscience, when it tries to awaken those in public office to the need of a Christian spirit, then it ought to give rise to *institutions* which facilitate and protect a mode of existence fit for human beings. Several speakers took part in the discussion, and claimed that Protestantism in general lacked social sense—the sense of humanity's solidarity. The Roman Catholic Church had this sense in a greater degree. Cardinal Newman, in England, had in his time greater influence on social conditions than the whole clergy of the English Church. Protestant clergymen must go out to the people. The next day Professor Meyer, of Bonn, read a paper on "Modern Investigations Concerning the History of Early Christianity," and after that the Rev. S. A. Fries, of Stockholm, spoke on "Modern Research Concerning the History of Israel." These papers, giving an account of the present position of the so-called higher criticism, made a good introduction to the later discussion on "In What Sense may we Regard the Bible as the Word of God?" The subject was opened by the Rev. A. Bjorck with a paper setting forth the outlines and philosophy of the New Church doctrine of the inspiration in the Bible.[1] A good many speakers took part in the discussion. As a whole, it can be said to have been directed against the views put forward by the Rev. Christofer Jansen (Unitarian), of Christiania, who spoke of the Bible or Christianity as "one of the jewels which go to make up the crown of religions." Professor Rudin, from Upsala, then spoke. His position is not far fom that of the New Church; he regards the Bible as an organism, whose every part must be looked on as a living member of the whole, and holds that it is God's word because it is the word of spirit and of life, and "when we have said this, we have acknowledged all that is warrantable in the position of the first speaker." Other notable papers of the Congress were by Professor A. Sabatier, of Paris, on "Religion and Modern Culture," by Professor O. F. Myrberg, of Upsala, on "Christianity as the Common Religion of the World," and by several other speakers. Rabbi Professor G. Klein, of Stockholm, introduced the subject "Religion and Morals" for discussion. He spoke of the ethical societies in England and America, and found occasion to set forth the teaching of the prophetic religion of the Old Testament. A good point was made by the Rev. N. Söderblom, who characterized religion without morals as "riches dishonestly used," and morals without religion as "poverty—a poverty in which I would starve to death—but an honest poverty." King Oscar had signified his intention to be present at the opening of the Congress, but was prevented by indisposition. He sent a message, however, expressing his sympathy and regret not to be able to come personally.

[1] The paper will probably appear in the "New Church Review."

A Bazaar for the American Church in Berlin

Few who have not studied their work on the ground are able to appreciate the value of such churches as the American Churches in Berlin and Paris. They make a rallying-point for travelers, and hold the Christian faith and Christian service of many who otherwise would be in danger of drifting from both. For several years a movement has been on foot to erect an edifice for the American Church in Berlin. Already about $45,000 have been secured and properly invested. The sum is sufficient to buy the land, but not for both land and building. The more prominent residents in Berlin are now making an earnest effort to complete the work, and as a means are planning an International Bazaar under the auspices of the Ladies' Union, which will be held in the Kaiserhof early in December. It is desired to enlist the co-operation not only of Americans who are resident in Berlin, but of all at home who are able to appreciate the importance of a Christian church for Americans in the metropolis and educational capital of Germany. Hundreds of American young men and women are studying in that city. They need the church, and they need also the help of the ablest and most sympathetic ministry that can be secured. The appeal is earnest both for money and for articles which may be offered for sale at the Bazaar. Articles intended for shipment will be received by Mrs. W. W. Baldwin, 85 Clinton Place, New York City, and should be sent before November 1. Most of the names signed to the appeal are well known in our country; among them are Mrs. Andrew D. White, wife of the present Minister to Germany, and Mrs. E. F. Uhl, wife of the late Minister to Germany.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

In your reply to "E. H. C.'s" inquiry, "Does not the parable of the 'wheat and chaff' suggest eternal punishment," you say, "It does not suggest eternal punishment. The chaff was destroyed, not tortured, by fire. It suggests annihilation." Could not the latter thought be rationally extended? Is it not true that there is some element of good in every human being, also that there is none entirely good? Does it not appear to you that the thought in the mind of Jesus was that the Father, who loveth all, will discern the good in all, and that it is the chaff *in each*, much or little as it may be, which will be destroyed, and the wheat, though but little, will be garnered? W. M. J.

On page 392, Notes and Queries, the words "eternal punishment" appear to be used in question and answer as if they can mean only eternal, or everlasting, conscious suffering. Is it a forced, unnatural meaning to find in them only the sense of irrevocable penalty? That is, will they not naturally cover and be limited to meaning a determinate end of existence and consciousness, if that end is what is meant by the word "destroy," in the text, "If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy"? If so, pending the decision between annihilation and everlasting suffering, the word of Scripture, "everlasting punishment," has no force in the argument against the former. Our pastor says that the text, "hath an eternal sin" (Mark iii., 29), is conclusive as to the eternal existence of the sinner. Is not the deduction illogical—making the minor premise include the major premise? And does not the context limit the inference, and define it to mean "hath never forgiveness"? A. H.

The difficulty with "W. M. J.'s" view is that different sorts of persons rather than traits of persons seem to be meant by the terms "children of the kingdom," etc., in the parable. That there is truth in his view we do not deny; only it is not taught in this parable. The decisive consideration for "A. H." and others who attach to the phrase "eternal punishment" the idea of a suffering which runs on irrevocably while existence lasts—whether existence ends or is endless—is this: that the Greek word translated "eternal" in the R. V., instead of "everlasting" in the A. V., is primarily an adjective of relation, not of measure. Used like the adjective "summer" in the phrase "summer vacation," it denotes what belongs to or is appropriate to eternity, not what lasts irrevocably or forever. Sometimes applied to mountains and sometimes to God, whatever idea of duration is attached to it depends on the durableness of the thing denoted by the name it is attached to. Consequently it is fallacious to reverse this rule, and to argue from the adjective "eternal" how long the "punishment" must be. The saying in Mark iii., 29, is no exception to this rule. All that it affirms is that sin and a never-forgiven sinner exist in the eternal world. It is a mistake to infer from this an endless existence of sin and sinners.

Kindly answer the following: 1. Did the view that Eden and Adam's temptation therein was an allegory obtain among any of the "Fathers," and if so, by whom was it held? 2. Has the allegorical view been held by any scholars or preachers of prominence since the days of the "Fathers" to the present century? 3. What are the views of modern scholars concerning the account of the "fall"? X. Y. Z.

1. We believe that the theologians of the Alexandrian school, chief of whom were Clement and Origen, inclined to the allegorical view, though we have no time to hunt up the passages. 2. Since their time the orthodox tradition has adhered to a literal understanding of the narrative. The allegorical view is found among the so-called mystics. 3. The prevailing view among modern scholars is that it is "a spiritualized legend," or a spiritual lesson conveyed in the form of a legend. Hegel held that it described man's emergence, attended by great calamity, out of a state of beastliness. Professor G. A. Smith, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, holds that it describes the transition from tribal ethics to individual ethics.

1. Do any of the Bishops or prominent ministers of the M. E. Church preach the doctrine of "the Larger Hope"? 2. Will the M. E. Church expel or silence a minister who denies the doctrine of endless punishment? 3. What prominent men among Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists may be considered advocates of the so-called "New Theology"? W. S.

1. We are not aware that the Bishops do. Occasionally we hear that some minister in a city church does, but we have never verified the report by exact inquiry. 2. We have recently heard of one or more such cases. It depends somewhat on the neighborhood. We have heard of other cases where such preaching incurs no censure.

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3. We cannot say. There are a good many in each of these denominations who have expressed liberal opinions upon one or more subjects, such as Biblical Criticism or the Future State, who do not stand before the public as all-round exponents of "New Theology."

The scene of "The Choir Invisible" is laid in Kentucky in the year 1795, and the author speaks (page 12) of "inns and taverns in the style of those of country England or of Virginia in the reign of George the Fourth." The style of architecture in those days came from England; how, then, could the "style of George the Fourth" (1820–1830) be found in Kentucky in 1795?
M. A. G.

Our correspondent seems to have found a slight anachronism.

What work of Tolstoï's would you recommend to one unfamiliar with his longer works, and wishing to become acquainted with them? Is "Anna Karénina" considered one of his best books?
A. C. R.

You cannot do better than begin with "Anna Karénina."

A Presbyterian pastor wishes to supplement an answer to "D.," October 9, by the following statement:

The session of a Presbyterian church has no right to ask of a candidate for communicant membership anything besides a personal faith in Jesus Christ. Whatever else may be asked by individual sessions or elders has its lawful place only as confirmatory of that profession of faith or implied in it. I believe even the Apostles' Creed errs by way of excess if *required* as a baptismal symbol.
C.

The obvious comment to be made on this is that various theological propositions are frequently fancied to be "implied" in faith in Christ, so that in practice this faith is often construed as including more than it properly does.

Living on tide-water, I often wonder what causes tide-streaks or tide-riffs—those eel-like roads of calm water. They hold their place even when the wind ruffles the surface beside them. I have examined the Century Dictionary from Tide to Tidy, but do not find an explanation.
W. R. H.

I have a file of "The Christian Union" and The Outlook for ten or twelve years back, which I would be glad to give to any library desiring it, either the whole of it or any part of it, or any particular numbers to complete a file.
F. C. M.

Where can I find a poem entitled, I think, "The Chimes of Amsterdam," which pictures the ringer as missing the music because he is so near the clanging bells?
M. C. J. T.

About People

—The Czar has conferred patents of nobility upon Jean and Edouard de Reszke, the famous operatic singers.

—A medal of honor has just been awarded to General Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, for bravery displayed in an action near Dinwiddie Court-House on March 31, 1865.

—The Berlin "Lokal Anzeiger" says that Count Lyof Tolstoï, the Russian author and social reformer, is suffering from an illness which will make necessary the performance of a serious operation.

—Mr. Laurits Svenson, of Minnesota, who has just been appointed Minister to Denmark, is well known among educators. At one time he was Professor in the State University of Minnesota. Mr. Svenson comes of Norwegian stock, but was born in this country.

—The Emperor of Austria is said to be one of the most hard-working of sovereigns. He is up every morning of his life by six o'clock, and may be seen at his writing-table often as early as four trying to cope with an overwhelming mass of correspondence. On days given up to chamois-hunting he begins work all the earlier in order that he may have longer hours to devote to the sport he loves.

—The New York "Churchman" relates the history of the old church at Braintree, Massachusetts, a presumably unprecedented history of long pastorates. The Rev. Samuel Niles was pastor of the church fifty-two years (never missing more than two Sabbaths from ill health during the whole term). The Rev. Mr. Wells was pastor for fifty-one years, and the Rev. Dr. Storrs (father of the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn) was pastor for fifty-three years. In all, the three successive pastorates lasted one hundred and fifty-six years.

—The Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, will deliver the address at the formal opening of the new building to be devoted to training in agriculture, horticulture, dairying, etc., at the Tuskegee Institute. This is the first building in negro schools to be given to agricultural purposes. Its province is certainly a large one, since eighty-five per cent. of the negroes in the Gulf States depend upon agriculture in some form for their living. The building is the result of the foresight and generosity of Mr. M. K. Jesup,

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of New York, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of the Slater Fund Board of Trustees, as well as of other generous benefactors.

—Dr. Nansen's forthcoming lectures in America lend additional interest to this description by Mr. I. N. Ford in the New York "Tribune:"

Fridtjof Nansen is a tall, stalwart Saxon blond, with a thick mustache and a light shock of rebellious silken hair, close-set blue eyes trained for distant vision, a high forehead, a large nose, and the open, thoughtful face of a student rather than a sailor. His is a genial face, which is quickly illumined with mirth whenever he has a comical episode to relate; but the prevailing tone of expression is one of intensity, preoccupation, and eagerness. It is the face of the idealist who possesses the energy and will-power required for working out his dreams. He stands erect as a pine, a fine model of sinewy strength, and shows no signs of hardships and exposure endured within the Arctic Circle. Hardly a single line is to be descried in his high, pale forehead, and his complexion is singularly clear and fair. He speaks with animation and energy, in a high, penetrating voice, and while there is a foreign accent, the English is terse, vigorous, and flexible. He makes gestures for the sake of securing additional emphasis, and his manner is characterized by simplicity as well as earnestness. His sinewy, lissome body suggests the trained athlete rather than the hardy, intrepid explorer; his face, while he is speaking, is that of the reflective student rather than the adventurous pathfinder to the Pole.

The Chautauqua Year

Our attention has been redirected to the unostentatious but widespread and influential work of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle by a leaflet which the Executive Secretary, Miss Kate F. Kimball, has issued, with information concerning the programme for the coming year. The year upon which the classes of the "C. L. S. C." are now entering is called the German-Roman Year, because the course of reading is divided between ancient Rome and modern Germany. The study of Roman life will be made through two books, "Roman Life in Pliny's Time," by Mr. Maurice Pelleson, and "Roman and Mediæval Art," by Mr. W. H. Goodyear. The two books bearing on German history are "Imperial Germany," by Sidney Whitman, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England, and a "Short History of Mediæval Europe," by Professor O. J. Thatcher. The Circle will also conduct a course in sociology, of which the text-book will be "The Social Spirit in America," by Professor C. R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago. We do not need to remind our readers that Bishop John H. Vincent is the Chancellor of the Chautauqua course, but it may be well to add that further and fuller information may always be obtained by addressing him, or Miss Kate F. Kimball, the Executive Secretary, at 87 West Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bits of Fun

"The rich man becomes insolvent," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "the poor man dead broke."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"That settles it," exclaimed Cupid, as he picked up an arrow that had failed to reach its mark. "That's the last time I shoot at a new woman. Why, the point is bent double."—*Chicago Post.*

"Boswell," said Dr. Johnson, meeting the biographer on the street, "I have been reading some of your manuscripts. There is a great deal about yourself in them. They seem to me to be Youmoirs rather than Memoirs."—*Puck.*

A minister who used to preach in Somerville had a little boy. A few days before his father left the city to go to his new parish, one of his neighbors said to the little boy: "So your father is going to work in New Bedford, is he?" The little boy looked up wonderingly. "Oh, no," he said; "only preach."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Professor," she said, "do tell me the name of some good piece of classical music for the piano! I am so tired of hearing my daughters play what everybody else plays." "Well, madam," responded the "lion" of the evening, slightly taken aback, but retaining his good humor, "suppose you try—let me see—'Rolfe's Opus 97.'" "I am glad you mentioned that, professor," she rejoined with enthusiasm. "If there is anything in the world I am fond of, it is opuses!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The venerable and cheerful Duke of Cambridge has come home looking hearty, and has been to Newmarket to see the St. Leger run. He is a funny old gentleman, but not nearly so funny as his father was. Did you ever hear the story of the latter's habit of making loud remarks in church, or, rather, responses out of his own head? The royal chaplains got quite used to his ways at last, and did not even smile. When the clergyman said, "Let us pray," the Duke would say, "By all means," with an air of devout approval. On one occasion, when the prayer for rain was started, the old gentleman cried, "No good at all while the wind stays in the east." On another day the words occurred in the lesson, "Zaccheus stood forth, and said, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." The Duke fidgeted, looked alarmed, and at last exclaimed: "No, no, that's too much. Gad, I don't mind subscribing; but I can't stand that." The commandments used to elicit very odd comments, such as, "Quite right, quite right, but very difficult sometimes," or "No, no, it was my brother Ernest did that."—*Exchange.*

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For the Little People

Baby's Conundrum

By Ella Beecher-Gittings

"A conundrum for the baby!"
Little Margarita said;
"Tell me, dear, why mother's lap
Is better than the bed?"

Baby speaks in queer *crow* language,
And he bobbed his cute bald head;
"That's an easy one, you folkses—
'Cause 'tis mother's lap," he said.

A Chimpanzee's Memory

By Margaret Holmes Bates

During the winter months a big chimpanzee named Johanna is kept in the Central Park Arsenal in New York. In the summer Johanna goes traveling round the country with the other animals of the Barnum and Bailey menagerie.

A year or two ago Johanna had a mate named Chiko, who died. He had been dead several months when a visitor at the Arsenal asked the keeper if he believed that Johanna remembered Chiko.

"Let me show you," he answered, as he took from his pocket a photograph of Chiko and handed it to Johanna.

She took it and squatted on the floor of the cage, holding the picture in both hands. She looked at it intently for a moment, then pressed it to her lips as if kissing it. Next she rubbed it up and down on her face, and then gazed on it again, looking so sad she seemed about to cry. Presently she folded her arms about it, and, going away into a corner, she swayed her body to and fro, as a mother rocks a little human baby.

An amusing instance of Johanna's memory is her experience with a seltzer-bottle. One day a friend of the keeper brought a bottle for him, with the usual siphon attachment. Johanna is very curious. As soon as she saw the bottle she was quite eager to have it in her hands.

She begged so earnestly that the keeper placed it within her reach on the outside of her cage. Instantly she grasped it, but handled it very gently.

She seems to understand the nature of glass since she was so unfortunate as to break a mirror.

The siphon puzzled her. She turned the bottle round and round, fingered the cap, and at last held it in such a position as to point the nozzle straight in her face.

At the same instant she happened to press the spring. The seltzer squirted into her face and over her head. Then such screaming!

Johanna held on to the bottle, and, not understanding what had caused the flood, she kept her finger on the spring until the bottle was nearly empty.

How frightened she was! The keeper, fearing she might be savage, did not dare to enter the cage and relieve her, but after a while succeeded in persuading her to put the bottle on the floor.

Then poor Johanna lay on her back screaming and moaning alternately, and it was some time before her keeper could quiet her. He tried to explain the mystery of the bottle to her; she would not listen to him, but went scudding to the furthest corner of her cage at sight of the cause of her shower-bath.

By and by the keeper succeeded in pacifying her, but her curiosity in regard to bottles was fully satisfied. Since this misadventure she is very much afraid of them.

Sometimes Johanna gets cross and peevish without any apparent cause. Then she is willful and sulky, and will not allow her keeper to wash her hands and face, as is his daily custom. When he finds that kindly coaxing will do no good, he takes an empty bottle from a convenient corner and gently shakes it at Johanna. That is enough. She at once becomes pleasant and obedient.

Johanna's bill of fare for each day is usually eighteen oranges, as many bananas, twelve apples, and twelve eggs; and as much bread as she can coax her keeper to give her. He says bread is not good for her, but she is very fond of it.

Some Valuable Trees

There are several kinds of palm-trees which flourish in Africa. One is the date-palm. The tree is very beautiful, and when one knows the uses that the natives make of it, it is a question what the people would do for food and shelter if the date-palm did not grow there. It provides them with food equal

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to any of the grain foods with which we are familiar. It also provides them with sugar, with wine, vinegar, and oil. Their houses are built of it, and their furniture is made of it, and the roofs are thatched—that is, covered —with its leaves. They have learned to make paper of it, so that the history of the country, such as it has, is written upon it. In South America there is another kind of palm—the cocoanut-palm. This not only provides the South Sea Islander with food, with timber for his house, and wood for his furniture, and thatching for his roof, but it also supplies him with dishes, for the nut of the cocoanut is his drinking-cup. It also provides him with a drink, for the milk of the cocoanut, an American writer tells us, is as cool as any hillside spring, and so delicate as to be incomparable with any other drink furnished by nature.

The banana-palm, of course, as you know, provides almost the whole world with fruit. The leaves of the banana-palm can be beaten into a flax and woven into fabrics which are used as clothing by the women. A part of the stalk can be boiled and used as a vegetable. Humboldt, the great naturalist, said that the banana was a more valuable food than the potato, and more valuable than wheat; that the product of one acre of banana-trees would support fifty men. All of you have seen bamboo furniture, and this is made of another kind of palm. The Japanese, as you know, make their houses of bamboo. You have seen beautiful bottles covered with bamboo which the natives make in Japan. Bamboo can be made into screens, into baskets, and is also made into coverings for pillows. You will find in some of the great stores in New York every kind of furniture made out of bamboo. An English writer once said that hunger was a great moral force. What he meant was that hunger made us work.

A writer in the New York "Evening Post," in speaking of the advantage of the bamboo as a provider for the wants of man over the banana-palm, says that the banana-palm will supply a man with food without work, and therefore that the bamboo is a more valuable product of nature, because man must work to get from it what it has to give, and that in itself produces a kind of civilization. He goes further, and says that in those countries where the bamboo grows naturally the natives are more active and self-helpful than in places where the banana is the chief source of food; which goes to prove that the man who has to work to live will in the end be a finer type of man than he who has his wants provided for without effort. When the natives are traveling in the countries where the bamboo grows, and they come to a stream over which there is no bridge, they cut down some bamboos, form the bridge at the place they want to cross, and even make hand-rails of long, thin slips of bamboo. Such a bridge is so strong that it is said that even these rapidly made bridges will bear heavy loads. The natives use the same method if they wish to cross a precipice.

On Watch

If you will take the map of Massachusetts and put your finger on the east coast, you will find a place marked Cape Cod. Here on this point of land there is a tiny house near the lighthouse, in which a lady lives, and for the most part she lives here alone. When this lady was a little girl, some shipping merchants in Boston built this little house as a station where vessels passing in and out of the harbor might signal any message that they wanted telegraphed to the city of Boston; the outgoing or incoming vessels might also send messages to the owners or shippers. This lady's father was established in this little house as a post signal-master. The little girl used a telescope with as much ease as she did her doll-house broom. She learned to read the names of the passing vessels, and when old enough she learned how to use the telegraph key that telegraphed the incoming ships' names to Boston. When she grew a little larger, she was sent away to school. When she had completed her school education, she came back to be her father's assistant.

You may wonder how messages are sent from the ships to the little house on the coast. This is done by means of flags, by a system which is called a code of signals; and this lady reads these signals as easily as you read type. She knows what any combination of colors or any movements from the ships mean, and telegraphs their message into Boston. When messages are telegraphed from Boston to this lady to be conveyed to a ship that is passing in or out, she, too, sends the message by the use of these signal codes. Three life-saving stations are connected by telephone with this station, and when a wreck is discovered it is telephoned to the little house, and from there telegraphed to Boston.

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The Home Club

One Morning Circle

While the kindergarten is a familiar word used even by our little children, there are doubtless very many people who have no conception in fact of what the kindergarten is. To many it is a place where little children are amused and kept from bothering their mothers in the morning. Just after the opening of the kindergartens this fall, the writer visited one which had been opened one week. None of the children were under three or over four and a half, and there were fourteen. This kindergarten is so happily placed that the children both from comparatively well-to-do families and from poor families are in it. The result is, so far as the little children are concerned, the ideal kindergarten. The visit was made on Monday morning. The Friday previous the kindergartners had taken the children to the park, and they had returned with leaves, red berries, three or four caterpillars, acorns, chestnuts, and open chestnut burrs. The box in which were the caterpillars was made on the top and three sides of glass. The director put it on the floor, and beside it a box containing the other treasures found in the park. These children, scarcely more than babies, folded their hands and sang their morning prayer. They were then asked what they would sing. The room was flooded with sunshine, and half a dozen little voices called out, "Good-Morning, Merry Sunshine." It was perfectly beautiful to see these babies bow toward the windows through which the sunshine came. They then sang good-morning to their kindergartners, and were asked, "Now to whom will you sing good-morning?" Again half a dozen little voices piped up, "To the caterpillars;" and they sang good-morning to the caterpillars, bowing and extending their hands toward the box in which the caterpillars were imprisoned. Everything to these tots was worthy of a good-morning welcome. The nuts, the box, the leaves, the flag hanging on the wall, the picture of George Washington, must all be greeted on this beautiful morning.

Then began a conversation between the children and the kindergartner. She referred to the open chestnut burrs as the open house in which the nuts had lived, and to the closed burrs as houses in which the nut was still living; the acorns were the foods provided for the squirrel, and one which had been nibbled was passed around and was an object of great interest to these little children. To-day one almost weeps that one has been born too late to have his education begin in the kindergarten. Songs were sung that called attention to the beauty out-of-doors, the whole thought being of the beauty of life and the gifts of God, although that expression was not used. The children then marched and took their places at the table, busy, happy, all ready to receive any thought that the kindergartner should give them. This, after all, is the most valuable part of the kindergarten training; not what they do with their hands, but opening the eyes and the heart to the beauty of life; and when added to that are little lessons in good manners, in helpfulness, in unselfishness, training in self-control, and when the kindergarten takes one step forward and brings this thought to the mother, then indeed shall we have a new generation.

Government Protection

Housekeepers ought to realize more fully than they do the expense and expert knowledge employed by the Government to protect the tea supplies of the country. The new regulations have caused a great deal of trouble to the men who for years have sold inferior teas without question; these men are protesting against the regulations devised by the expert tea men of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, claiming that these regulations are such as to work injustice to those who import only the highest grade of teas—that is, that the highest grade of teas will not pass the sieve test of the experts. To the sieve test has been added the test of infusion, and it has been found that many teas that pass the sieve test fail when subjected to the action of hot water. There is one way, and only one way, in which the food supplies of the country can be kept at the required standard, and that is for housekeepers to realize that public sentiment must support the law; that the woman who is willing to patronize the grocer who deals in the adulterated or cheap article of food pays the penalty in not receiving the value of her money; that good articles represent usually the full value paid,

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and that in so far as food supplies are concerned, especially in imported, cooked, preserved foods, cheap goods usually mean poor goods.

The Criticism of the Unlearned

One of the best criticisms on the average primer to which a child is introduced is made by Uncle Sol, the pupil of his granddaughter in the charming little story by Bertha McEnery Stuart, in the October number of "St. Nicholas," entitled "A Funny Little School." Uncle Sol, after toiling weeks "to get an insight into education," makes a discovery:

> In a few days he knew not only *cats* at sight, but *bats* and *rats*, even when Louizy-Lou covered the pictures over with her hand, which was a very important test. But when he had learned these three words, and several smaller ones, such as o-n, on, u-p, up, he began to complain a little. "Why, Louizy-Lou, baby," he said one evening as he took off his spectacles and began wiping them slowly, "when is we gwine to study about some other sort o' creation? Look to me like de ups an' downs o' cats an' bats an' rats is mighty po' readin' for a Christian—dat is, to *keep on wid it.* An' dat readin' lesson I heerd you read about 'de pup bit de cow on de lip,' I wouldn't read it no mo', baby. I nuver knowed no little puppy to do sech a thing; an' even ef dis heah book-pup done it, I no doubt de cow she pestered him into it. But seem to me dat's a mighty po' sort o' puppy to pick out to put in a book, when dey so many cunnin' ones roun' dis plantation wid manners an' sense. But for de cats an' rats, of co'se I ain't got nothin' ag'in' 'em, *in dey places;* but I'm tired of 'em."

How many children, had they the power of expression, would declare against the senseless putting together of words which have no interest for them, no revelation that leads to something beyond, that stimulates curiosity to walk further in the stubbly path of knowledge! The useless intrusion of bad manners, of revenge, of meanness, even though the actors be animals, in the few dramatic stories introduced into the primary reading-books, rouses the indignation of all who know that the full force of indignation lies not in the negative, but the positive; not in warnings against evil, but in stimulation toward the good. This principle should control the authors of books for children, especially for those books that constitute the only literature of thousands of children.

An Offer

Can The Outlook tell me what use is to be made of school-books in good condition? Is there any place in the South, or nearer, where they can be of service—Latin books as well as others? M. L. V. I.

A Suggestion for Voice-Culture

Dear Outlook: Much has been said of our American voice and our defects of pronunciation, but as yet I have nowhere seen an article giving a sure cure or preventive.

I therefore give the following for what I deem a positive remedy:

Children in modern schools are taught to read by the phonic system—that is, the proper soundings of every vowel and consonant. Now, if the vowels are prolonged as in singing when taken in front of the roof of the mouth, being very accurate in use of lips, tongue, and teeth, we can begin voice-culture right here, to be applied either to reading, speech, or singing. Indeed, it seems wrong, to me, to teach sight-singing to one who has had no voice-training. So it seems wrong to exact prolonged speech from one who has not been trained to mold his vowels in the front of his mouth.

A singer may say, Yes, but correct breathing is so essential. So it is; but it is as much the duty of a teacher to see that a pupil does not speak or read in a breathy voice as it is requisite to economize breath in singing.

Natural breathing is all that is required, and young children know no other.

Perfect art is very nearly related to nature, so my idea is to begin with the little ones and train them, and then there will be no cause for complaint of our American voice.

L. M. H.

Book Club

Private book clubs have now become an established feature in many towns even where libraries exist. The New York State Library has devised a system of lending libraries that will enable the smallest community to have a circulating library of its own. In Yonkers there is a book club that has been most successful. In Rochester and in Albany two private book clubs are also very successful. The books are kept for two weeks, changed always on the first and fifteenth of the month, and covered before being put in circulation. They are then sold, after having reached the full extent of their circulation in the club, to the member who wishes to purchase them at half the cost to the club. In one of the clubs in Albany, connected with one of the churches, after the book has gone the rounds of the members it passes into a club library, which is in fact a church institution.

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